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The Week

THE British government has repudiated in the strongest terms the text of an alleged letter from Sir Austen Chamberland to M. Briand, supposed to contain the details of the Anglo-French naval understanding. The document is a forgery, the Foreign Office says, and moreover, there is no hard and fast arrangement with France, but only "a tentative agreement on the policy which both nations are willing to pursue in the disarmament discussions at Geneva." Contrary to the impression prevailing in Washington, the Foreign Office insists that the American government is fully informed as to the details of the proposal, and adds that if the United States should object to any of them, they would probably be altered at the meeting of the Preparatory Commission on Limitation of Armament. While these reassurances will allay some of the apprehension which had been felt, they do not settle the matter. There remains the charge made by the Manchester Guardian, that England, by agreeing to exclude trained reservists from the calculation of French military forces, has taken all reality out of future comparisons of European armies and has condoned French militarism. There remains also the allegation that other and even more secret agreements have been made, paralleling the naval plan. And finally, there is the question why, if the agreement is as innocuous as Sir Austen and the Foreign Office both insist, it has been kept secret so long? Either the understanding is less innocent than it appears, or the manner in which it has been made public has been badly bungled. Or perhaps both.

THE LATIN-AMERICAN countries have had their feelings hurt by Secretary Kellogg's failure to include them among the original signers of the treaty outlawing war. As a result, spokesmen for several of these countries, who have been in the United States attending the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia, say that there is some doubt whether they will now sign the treaty at all. Secretary Kellogg has already explained why only fifteen nations were asked to participate in the ceremony in Paris on August 27; it was to save time and keep any single nation from being able to hold up the date of the ceremony for reasons of its own. The Latin-American countries are not the only ones with a grievance; Spain's dignity was also injured because she was asked to eat at the second table, while the Russians may adhere to the treaty only through the intervention of a third power, which will presumably be France. All this, however, will not salve the feelings of our Southern neighbors; and in any case, they think they have another grievance. They take it for granted that, before ratification is completed, the United States will make a formal reservation regarding the Monroe Doctrine, similar to Great Britain's which covers certain unnamed areas supposed to be vital to the defense of the Empire. Mr. Kellogg has in fact said not one word about any such reservation, and the Latin Americans' suspicions are based on past experience and not on present recorded fact. Their attitude serves to remind us again how far we have yet to go to win their full and friendly confidence.

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DR. R. L. BUELL, of the Foreign Policy Association of the United States, is one of the world's chief authorities on the treatment of the natives of Africa by the European powers. Speaking the other day at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, he declared that the next quarter-century will see in that continent either "a great inter-racial war or a great experiment in inter-racial coöperation." He described the bad effects which European exploitation has had upon the natives in the past. Homes have been broken up, disease increased, and virtual anarchy created by the policy of moving large bodies of men away from their native villages to work. Death rates have run as high as 80 or 100 per 1,000 per annum, as compared to a normal rate of 10 or 12; in parts of Africa the native population is declining. On the other hand, he sees hope for the future in the new policy of some of the powers, which are beginning to foster education and sanitation, are restoring the natives to their homes and seeking to develop appropriate industrial occupations for them. The hope for the future lies in creating small farms, where the natives can stay on their own land and live in their own way. The record of Europe in Africa has been about as black as it could be; and it is cheering to know that there are even glimmers of something better in sight.

THE CALL of thirty-six well known educators, headed by Professor Paul H. Douglas of the University of Chicago, asking liberals to vote the Socialist ticket this year as a means of building up an independent progressive party, deserves serious consideration. Only four of the members of this committee, it is said, are Socialist party members. "The desire of American liberals to be on the immediately winning side," reads the appeal, "has led them to shirk the long, patient work which is needed to develop a third party representative of the economic interests of the great mass of wage-earners, farmers and intellectual workers. They have sacrificed the ultimate values of democracy for a few promised concessions, which in turn have seldom materialized, and have retarded American liberation." Admitting the attraction which men like Hoover or Smith may exercise over liberals, the statement calls attention to the "sterile and corrupt groups" behind them, and to the inadequacy of the Republican and Democratic platforms as compared with the Socialist. All this cannot be denied. If a large number should vote the Socialist ticket this year, the effect would be extremely salutary. At the same time, there are likely to be many progressives who believe that in the present inertia of political opinion in the United States, the best preparation for action would be to support Smith, on the ground of the courageous and sincere progressivism displayed in his speech of acceptance. Such voters will prefer to wait for something more nearly approaching a political crisis, when their adherence to a third-party movement would carry more weight. In the meantime, the policies and the persuasion foreshadowed by a prime political educator like Al Smith may stir the sluggish waters of popular thought and prepare the way. It is likely that most progressives who support the Socialists would much prefer Smith to Hoover as President, while most progressives who support Smith would welcome the pressure of a large and growing Socialist vote. Thus each group may give the other its blessing.

THE NEW YORK Republicans seem to be doing their best to give their state to Smith. They have chosen as the party's State Chairman, H. Edmund Machold, former speaker of the Assembly and one of the leading spokesmen for the power interests. Since leaving the Assembly in 1924, he has been president of the Northeastern Power Company, which is one of the bitterest enemies of Governor Smith's plan for publicly owned hydro-electric plants, and has been involved in several desperate efforts to get control of important sites in defiance of the Governor's program. Even before Mr. Machold left the Assembly, he was known as the loyal friend of the private power interests, and no surprise was occasioned when he stepped into his highly lucrative post. He announces that he has just resigned from the presidency of the Northeastern Power Company and other similar posts, though he admits he is still associated with some banks which "may" have stock in various enterprises of that sort. But in any case, these resignations are notoriously the merest sham. Mr. Machold will go back to his desk the day after election, just as Mr. Raskob will be restored to his place in General Motors. Putting a tool of the power trust at the head of the party in the pivotal state of New York, taken with the fact of Mr. Hoover's equivocal attitude on the question of public versus private ownership and control of power in his acceptance speech, gives the Democratic party a campaign issue which will win them thousands of progressive votes.

NO ONE, least of all the New Republic, ought to be surprised at the announcement by Budget Director Lord that a deficit of $94,000,000 impends for the present fiscal year. Necessary and desirable appropriations have pushed expenditures up to a point where they are not likely to be covered by tax receipts under the reduced rates. Even if business prosperity this year should produce a tax yield sufficient to avert the danger, it is bound to appear in intensified form in 1929, when the full effect of tax reduction will be felt. The unwisdom of the policy of continual income-tax reduction, in the face of necessarily increased expenditures, has been consistently urged by qualified experts. And now we have both presidential candidates proposing enormous new undertakings, in behalf of obvious national welfare. All this would

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have made splendid campaign material for the Democrats in showing the hollowness of the Coolidge economy and tax-reduction issue, if the Democrats themselves had not been even more insistent than the Republicans that taxes be reduced. By attempting to bribe business in this way, the Democrats, as was predicted by the New Republic, have placed themselves in an extremely embarrassing position. The next question to be asked of both parties is—where is the money to come from? Whom will you tax, and how?

BOSTON continues to live up to its advertising. Professor Horace M. Kallen was among the speakers at the Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial meeting on the anniversary of the execution. He is reported to have said, among other things, that "if Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, so were Christ and Socrates," and for this, the police decided to arrest him. The charge is blasphemy, forbidden in a two-hundred-year-old law which formerly carried the death penalty. It had not been invoked for many years until the Bimba case in 1926, when it was resurrected for the purpose of persecuting a labor leader. It is obvious, of course, that nothing was further from Dr. Kallen's mind than being blasphemous. He was thinking in terms of philosophic anarchy as a system of thought, and everyone who knows anything about the subject must agree with his contention. We doubt whether the Massachusetts authorities will be foolish enough ever to permit Dr. Kallen's case to come to trial, but we earnestly hope they do. Perhaps a good roaring farce of that sort would help the people of the commonwealth to shake off their present lethargy about censorship and repression in general, and restore some of the common sense so badly needed.

HOW much immunity should a notorious criminal be able to buy for himself by turning state's evidence? If he testifies before a jury after having come to an understanding with the prosecutor, are not the members of that jury entitled to know of it so as to give the proper degree of credence to his testimony? These questions were considered the other day in New York City in a court-room over which Federal Judge Meeker was presiding. Judge Meeker, in a statement from the bench, deplored the practice of putting a man on the witness stand, letting him tell the jury that no promises have been made to him, and then after the trial is completed, asking the judge to deal leniently with him because of the value of his testimony. If he is in fact testifying to save his own skin, the jury may put a value on what he says quite different from that which they would give it if he acted as a free agent. There is an obvious temptation for the prosecutor, anxious to win his case, to use the testimony of the man who has turned state's evidence; and since such testimony is suspect with a jury, if it knows all the circumstances, an unscrupulous prosecutor may, and it is notorious that many of them do, seek to conceal the true state of facts until the trial is completed. Judge Meeker deserves credit both for calling attention to this situation and for acting, in several recent cases, in a manner to discourage future bargains of the same sort.

ABOUT four years ago, Mr. E. G. Nourse of the Institute of Economics, one of the leading agricultural economists of the country, wrote a book on "American Agriculture and the European Market," the main conclusions of which were that the growth of our agricultural exports during the war and post-war periods was abnormal and could not be expected to continue, that the trend of agricultural exports before the War was downward, and that this trend might be expected to go on with increased emphasis even after the deflation, due to our rising costs of production, the impoverished purchasing power of our chief foreign customers, and the tendency of foreign nations to seek self-sufficiency. The significant inference from these statements, from the point of view of farm relief, was that American agriculture could not in any event expect much permanent help from its exports, and must readjust itself to reliance upon the domestic market. Now, in the light of more recent experience, Mr. Nourse has written an article for the Journal of Political Economy modifying these conclusions in important particulars. The costs of wheat and cotton production in our newer areas have been materially reduced by more efficient methods; yet in the more costly producing regions wheat is such an important part of the rotation that it is not likely to be abandoned rapidly, and there are few substitutes for cotton growing. Russian wheat exports have not revived as expected, while the attempts of other nations to become more self-sufficient, such as that of Italy in wheat or Great Britain and her dependencies in cotton, have not been very successful. Mr. Nourse concludes that while the trend of our crop exports will still in the long run be downward, the development is likely to be delayed in important respects. Farm relief, one may therefore infer, is likely to be a burning question for some time to come.

THE more we learn of the record of Mr. Roy O. West, the more outrageous seems his appointment as Secretary of the Interior. After the unhappy experience with Albert B. Fall, one would have supposed that President Coolidge would have leaned over backward to get a man who would not have been subject to the faintest breath of suspicion. Instead, he has nominated an individual who is himself heavily interested in public utilities, is closely associated with Samuel Insull, the Chicago utility tsar, and has the lifelong attitude of a friend of private interprise. The New York Evening World calls attention to the fact that Mr. West as Secretary of the Interior would sit on the Fed-

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eral Power Commission. At the present time there are pending before that commission no less than nine applications from companies in which he is himself financially interested. These have to do with proposed leases of power sites on navigable waters and public lands and reservations of the United States. The companies and locations are:

Public Service Company of Oklahoma, Grand River, Okla.
Kentucky Hydro-Electric Company, Kentucky River, Ky.
Kentucky Hydro-Electric Company, Kentucky River, Ky.
Interstate Public Service Company, St. Joseph River, Ind.
Kentucky Hydro-Electric Company, Kentucky River, Ky.
Kentucky Hydro-Electric Company, Cumberland River, Ky.
Wisconsin Power and Light Company, Wolf River, Wis.
Kentucky Hydro-Electric Company, Cumberland River, Tenn.-Ky.
Kentucky Utilities Company, Kentucky River, Ky.

It will, of course, be argued that Mr. West can, and will, resign from all his companies if he is confirmed by the Senate. These resignations, as we have pointed out in the cases of Mr. Machold and Mr. Raskob, are meaningless. They constitute no real hiatus in the interest of the individual. No one as old as Mr. West can divest himself of his habits of mind; and in his case, the whole trend of his thought for many years has been toward permitting private capital to batten on public necessity in the field of the utilities. Already there are signs that a vigorous fight will be made in the Senate to prevent Mr. West's confirmation. We hope and believe that it will be a successful one.

Why Progressives Should Vote for Smith

EVER since the Republican and Democratic Conventions named their candidates for the presidency, the New Republic has adopted on its own account, and hoped progressives would adopt, toward the comparative claims for support on the part of the two candidates an attitude of patient and watchful hesitation. Both of them belonged to the progressive wings of their own parties, and both advanced on the basis of their records certain claims for consideration which progressives could not afford to ignore. The latter would gain nothing by rejecting unheard both major candidates or by voting on essentially negative grounds for a Socialist candidate whose campaign lacked political reality. Neither in the circumstances was there anything to be gained by choosing out of hand between Messrs. Hoover and Smith. The parties which nominated them were both stagnant pools of muddy political vegetation, and it remained for the candidates themselves to start some fresh and clear water running through them. Progressives had every reason to wait until Messrs. Hoover and Smith had given sufficiently clear indications of the kinds of leadership they would give to their respective parties and the kinds of blandishment which they would use to seek the favor of progressive voters.

The New Republic has hoped also for a somewhat prolonged period of inquisitive and watchful hesitation by progressive voters. It would be extremely advantageous for the future of progressive ideas and policies if the leaders of the two parties could be driven or induced to enter into a competition for their support. Of course it was not reasonable to expect Mr. Hoover to travel fast or far along this road. He is a candidate of a party which is the self-constituted guardian of the vested interests, and he himself, while practically progressive in certain respects, is theoretically conservative. But he is the more important candidate to subject to progressive pressure, because he has the better chance of being elected. A few specific but unequivocal concessions to progressivism on his part would have had a disproportionate effect on public opinion and would have done much to leaven the lump of American politics. But it was not to be. He has conceded nothing. While he proclaimed, as Mr. Coolidge has always done, his own personal interest in the welfare of all the people, whether employer or employee, poor or rich and humble or mighty, he has remained, so far as his concrete proposals go, an orthodox Republican. He is perfectly willing to intrust the welfare of the wage-earner to the employer, that of the farmer to organized business, that of the poor to the rich, and that of the humble to the mighty. In his speech of acceptance he did not move one inch beyond the platform of his party, which is one of the most unleavened in the dreary recent history of Republican ideology. There is no reason in the world why Herbert Hoover, if he had attached any importance to the support and good opinion of progressive voters, should not have thrown to them an occasional bone to gnaw upon. They are in a properly chastened state of mind and would not have asked for much. The course of Governor Smith, on the other hand, has been the opposite of that of Mr. Hoover. As we pointed out last week, he has been generous where Hoover has been niggardly; he has been explicit where Mr. Hoover has been furtive; he has been courageous where Mr. Hoover has been evasive; he has given progressives possible victories to look forward to, while Hoover has reminded them only of past defeats.

It is not for progressives, consequently, as we hoped it might be, a choice between the two by a narrow margin. Hoover has deprived them of any reason to hesitate. Governor Smith has presented them with many good reasons for expressing an

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emphatic preference for him. His proposed policy about prohibition, about interference in Spanish America, about the public interest in electric superpower, and about labor and social problems in general, is clearer and sounder than that of Hoover. There is less to choose between them in their attitude toward farm relief, but Al Smith, the former East Side newsboy, has shown a livelier sympathy for agrarian grievances and a somewhat better understanding of the way to deal with them than the grown-up farm lad from Iowa. No future change of emphasis on Mr. Hoover's part is likely to render him more acceptable to progressives. He will, if elected, make in certain respects an able and interesting President, whose influence on American opinion and practice will be more progressive than that of Coolidge or of other possible Republican nominees. Yet it is clear from his speeches either that in opinion he is much less progressive than he was in 1919, or that he is fatally hampered by the hostages which he has given to Coolidge, Mellon and Company. He is behaving and talking, not like a social and political engineer who would be capable, if necessary, of thinking and acting independently of the prevailing prejudices and the selfish interests of organized business, but like a willing accomplice of the American plutocracy.

Hoover has for the present sterilized himself as a possible dynamic influence in the life of his party. He has not dared to assume personal leadership. Al Smith, on the contrary, has forged out of the miscellaneous stuff of contemporary political and economic controversies a personal synthesis which requires for its affirmation and realization positive and vigorous leadership. His need to exert leadership may be interpreted either as a weakness or a strength. He is pushing ahead far in advance of his own party. He is creating expectations among anti-prohibitionists which look impossible to realize, and he is soliciting votes on the basis of these expectations. When Mr. Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for President, characterizes Governor Smith's speech as a "clever and emotionally sincere appeal to the liberal and progressive voters for the support of a program which is impossible of achievement through the Democratic party," he is calling attention to an aspect of Governor Smith's position of which a progressive voter should take account. The majority of the Democratic members of Congress have indicated by their behavior during the last few sessions attitudes toward various controverted questions which are inconsistent with the tradition of the party and different from those of Governor Smith. Most of them very much prefer to leave the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act undefiled by the irreverent hand of reform. The majority of them voted for the McNary-Haugen Bill. They very generally supported the Coolidge policy in Nicaragua. Very few of them have shown any scruples about giving the electric power combines all that they demand. Governor Smith, consequently, if he is elected, and if he seeks after election to realize his program, will have to undertake the difficult job of converting to progressivism his unprogressive party. And he will have to do this in spite of the fact that he affirms without qualification the doctrine of party responsibility. "Political parties," he declares, "are the vehicles for carrying out the popular will. We place responsibility on the party." His opponents may protest that either he does not place responsibility on the party or he is deluding the anti-prohibitionists into voting for him when he insists that there is no good reason why dry Democrats should not vote for him.

The fact is, of course, that Governor Smith, if he is sincere and if he is elected, will have to deal roughly with the Democratic party. He cannot accomplish his program by depending for his necessary support upon Democrats only. He will have to displease, perhaps even outrage, loyal and useful members of his own party, and he will, on the penalty of failure, have to recruit both progressive and Republican assistance. Mr. Thomas predicts confidently that he will not or cannot do it, and considers that the difficulties against which he will contend afford a sufficient reason for a refusal by a progressive to vote for Governor Smith. We admit the gravity of the difficulties and the large possibility that Governor Smith will not succeed in overcoming them. But their very gravity is a measure of the effort which Governor Smith will have to exert in order to give reality to his program, and it is a measure also of the explosiveness of the bomb which he will, as a consequence, have to throw into the happy valley of traditional party Democracy. If he is as sincere and as able as we take him to be, he will try to form a new party which will exclude many voters who now call themselves Democrats, but whose place will be taken by Republican and progressive recruits.

Our readers will not, we hope, jump to a false and an excessive interpretation of the foregoing prediction. We do not anticipate that Governor Smith will wish or will consent to form a new party with a different organization and name. He will be elected President, if at all, as a Democrat, and he will continue to depend upon the organization and some of the traditions of the Democratic party as his indispensable political vehicle. But the Democracy, as it stands, is merely a coalition of state political machines, without unity of conviction or vitality of impulse. It nominated Al Smith less because its members believed in him than as a last desperate chance of restoring its prestige as a national party. He was the only Democrat who could possibly be elected. They handed the party over to him for better or worse just as their predecessors handed it over to Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson. But if a party of this kind is to provide him with his needed majority and if it is to perform a useful service for American politics of the future,

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it will have to be reinvigorated. The success of Al Smith as President will depend upon his ability to reinvigorate it, which in turn will depend upon his success in bringing into its membership and counsels new sources of interest, purpose and political energy. The late Woodrow Wilson had in 1916 started upon such a work of re-creation, and if the War had not intervened, he might have carried it on. The job still remains to be done. Either the Democratic party will have to be re-created as a positive and aggressive substitute for Republicanism, or a new party, dedicated more expressly to popular hostility to plutocratic government, of which the Republican party is the agent, will eventually force itself menacingly upon popular attention.

Governor Smith has two alternatives. He can give up the ghost and succumb to the prestige of the plutocracy by exhibiting himself to the voters as a Democrat who is at heart a Republican, or he can act, as his great Democratic predecessors have done, as the bridegroom of a better Democracy. Whether he is capable of carrying out such a difficult, ambitious and virile task is, of course, an open question. But progressives should give him a chance. The job is no more difficult than that which many political leaders, no abler than he, have frequently accomplished. He has certain rare essential personal qualifications for performing it. The opportunity stares him in the face. The existing distribution of power in American politics is unusually unstable, and the inertia of public opinion is as much the result of uneasiness as it is of self-satisfaction. The time may not be ripe for the formation of a third progressive party, but it may be ripe for a successful attempt to reinvigorate one of the two older parties. The Republican party, although it contains many progressives, has definitely ruled them out of the counsels of the party. The Democracy is still open to conversion. It has acted progressively or unprogressively according to the character of its leadership and it is not embarrassed one way or the other by stubborn convictions. Yet there is something in the traditions of the party and in the personnel of its membership in some parts of the country which inclines it towards progressivism.

No matter whether an attempt by Al Smith to regenerate the Democratic party succeeds or fails, the making of it seems to be the only possible line of immediate advance for American politics. If it is successful it will do much to restore vitality to American constitutional government and reality to the existing party system. If it is unsuccessful, it will remove obstacles and add impulses to the demand for the formation of a genuinely anti-Republican party. In view of these considerations and possibilities, progressives should in our opinion vote for Smith rather than Hoover or Thomas. In order to realize the good that is in him, what Governor Smith needs is not warm sympathy, but immediate and effective support—in other words, lots of votes. He cannot accomplish anything in the future, unless he is elected now. He is a political actor rather than an agitator. He will unloose his possibilities as agitator only by obtaining the power to act and by acting to lead. If he is not elected, progressives, in so far as they are responsible for his failure, will have proved blind and false to the one man who at this moment is capable of putting an end to the post-war stagnation of political opinion and to issue new marching orders to American government.

The Menace of Tariff Revision

IT IS amusing to see how persistently the Republican political managers attempt to make the tariff a leading issue in this campaign, and how persistently the Democratic managers attempt to keep it out of the discussion. With great regularity the Republicans announce that the Democrats are, in spite of their professions, secretly scheming to reduce the protective duties and thus to cast American industry into depression and to lower American wages, while with equal regularity Democratic spokesmen declare that they intend keeping their hands off this ark of the covenant. The explanation, at first glance, seems sufficiently obvious. The Republicans are very much afraid of Smith's strength in the Eastern states, particularly on the prohibition issue. Something must be done to offset it. What easier than to brush up the old fear that the Democrats are bad for business? And what more tried and true appeal to the manufacturing interests of the East than the tariff? The Democrats have been wary this time, to be sure, but it would seem but little more difficult for the Republicans to convince the electorate that the Democrats do not mean what they say than to put across the ancient myth that the tariff is the source of prosperity.

If this were all, the issue would indeed be a dud among intelligent voters. Smith's speech of acceptance made it sufficiently clear that he intends to avoid congressional tariff revision, but merely to appoint honest and competent men to the existing Tariff Commission, whose duty it is to investigate costs of production here and abroad, and to recommend changes in duties whenever necessary to equalize such differences. This certainly is about as far as it could be from an abandonment of the protective principle. Furthermore, it means very few changes and very tardy ones in any tariff rates, since the investigations of the Commission are bound to be difficult and slow, and judgments on the basis of what facts they discover are hard to reach. Wholesale changes in duties are therefore impossible under such a policy—and wholesale changes are what business has most to fear.

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But it is further evident from the pronouncements of Republican spokesmen in this matter—including Mr. Hoover himself—that the accusation against the Democrats is really a smoke-screen under which certain favored Republican interests are advancing towards a general tariff revision upward, by congressional enactment. The Democrats would do well to uncover this advance. Those who intend to revise the tariff are not the Democrats, but the Republicans. And the sort of tariff revision which they have in mind is demonstrably injurious to economic stability. For tariff revision upward is no less disturbing to business relationships than tariff revision downward, and in the long run it is likely to be far more menacing to the national prosperity.

It is a well understood economic principle that whatever the long-run losses or gains of any tariff policy—whether it be high protectionist, free-trade, or something between—business will in the long run adjust itself to the schedules which exist and make the best of the situation that it can. But the process of adjustment to changed tariff schedules is likely to be slow and arduous. For duties, in so far as they are effective at all for protective purposes, affect prices. And changes in the price structure touch business at its most sensitive point. If a duty is raised, that may temporarily encourage the industry which sells the product in question. But if, as is often the case, that product is used as a material by other industries, they in turn are likely to be disturbed as a result. If they expect an appreciable increase in price, they may buy large quantities in advance of the enactment of the new duty, thus tying up heavy amounts of liquid capital in inventories for a while, and correspondingly decreasing their purchases after the duty goes into effect. The higher prices which they are forced to charge may restrict their markets. And when the effect of the tariff is felt in prices of the articles which go to the ultimate consumer, whether directly or indirectly, the consumers are likely to call for higher incomes and wage controversies result. Changes in prices are constantly occurring, of course, and it is part of the duty of business management to foresee and deal with them, but when to the normal changes there are added a wide array of arbitrary ones by legal enactment, the task of business is more confused and difficult than usual.

For practical purposes it makes little difference whether these changes are upward or downward. It is true that falling prices may discourage forward buying and manufacturing, while rising prices may for a time give a fillip to a process of inflation and speculation in inventories; but such inflation is likely to be followed by an injurious deflation. Mr. Hoover, with his interest in business stability and in minimizing the exigencies of the business cycle, ought to be one of the first to grasp this point. It is probable that the American economy has never been benefited sufficiently by broad tariff changes either up or down to make up for the losses it has sustained in the process of adjustment to these changes.

It is easy to translate this theory into the concrete situation. Two of the strongest pillars of American prosperity today are automobile manufacturing and building construction. If tariff revision upward is to be made, it will undoubtedly affect steel, which has always been one of the chief pets of the protectionists, and is one of the most important materials of these great industries. What should automobile manufacturers and workers see to their advantage in a promise that Congress is going to raise the price of steel by some indeterminate amount? They are already striving to enlarge the domestic market and to increase their exports—to which they look as a large future source of their trade—by reducing prices as much as possible. Will more profit for the steel-makers help the automobile business? Will the prospect of higher prices for steel assist the policy-makers of the motor trade to plan intelligently their production schedules and their campaigns for 1929 and 1930? And will the builders welcome this probable addition to their material costs? What is the clothing trade going to say to the prospect of having to pay more for woollens, worsteds and cotton goods? And so on through hundreds of industries.

There is, of course, no assurance that a congressional revision of the tariff is merely going to extend assistance to any struggling industries which now cannot compete against lower costs of production abroad. The Tariff Commission is the nearest approach we have ever made to an attempt to neutralize such competitive costs. But the Republican National Committee, in attacking Governor Smith's acceptance speech on the subject, states that it is impossible to ascertain the differences between costs of production at home and abroad. It throws the Commission overboard. But if the Commission cannot ascertain these differences, how much less can Congress do so, in the heat and hurly-burly of a tariff session! Everyone knows that revision of the tariff by Congress is a stultifying exhibition of log-rolling, resting on no approximation to science. It is a process of trading favors, in which the strongest interests come out on top. If the Tariff Commission never discovered a fact, its very existence as a substitute for congressional changes in the tariff would be of immense benefit.

The Democratic campaign managers would be shrewd indeed, if they seized the tariff issue to strengthen their newly adopted position as friends of American economic stability and conservers of prosperity. Let them point out the plain implications of the radical Republican tariff policy, and its threatened disturbance of such adjustments as American business has now reached to present duties. Let them ask what duties the Republicans intend to raise, and whether such increases will not

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hurt business more than they will help. Higher duties would not benefit really depressed industries such as soft coal, which has no foreign competition, textiles, which obviously are suffering not from imports, but from overdevelopment at home, wheat and hog raising, which depend on foreign markets. They would injure automobile manufacture, building, and a host of other industries. For what gain do the Republicans thus propose to inject politics, in its most irrelevant form, into business? Is it not better to leave existing duties virtually untouched—with an occasional exception concerning which the facts are clear—as the Democrats propose to do?

The Kellogg Treaty

THE self-denying ordinance against war which the fifteen governments signed at Paris this week is variously interpreted as the greatest step towards organized peace which the so-called Christian peoples have ever taken and as an ambiguous, futile and mischievous joint moral resolution which will prevent rather than help its signatories in getting rid of the causes of international conflict. There is more truth in the first than in the second of these interpretations. The faults of the new treaty as a protection against international war are sufficiently obvious. They have been explained again and again, and we need not repeat them here. But they do not outweigh the probable advantage of entering into even a conditional pledge to renounce war as a means of settling international conflicts. Neither do they emasculate the virtue of the effort to exterminate war as an instrument of national policy by means of uttering a joint self-denying pledge against indulging in it. The pledge does not put an end to the liability to war, but it makes a good beginning, and on this long journey the first hundred miles is the hardest.

What the Kellogg treaty has accomplished is to put an end to the former respectability of wars among nations. It is only a few hundred years ago that wars among nobles or among cities or provinces were at least semi-respectable. It took a long and severe struggle to give reality to the idea that the appeal to arms by any subject of a state was equivalent to defiance of public authority. For several generations pacifists have sought to deprive the appeal to arms in the settlement of an international conflict of any claim to reputability, but the attempt to make public war disreputable has had to overcome a difficulty which did not exist in the case of private war. There is in the case of the society of nations no general authority to which the labor and the responsibility of keeping the peace can be safely confided. The League of Nations is an attempt to create such an authority, but the controversies which accompanied its formation and its history demonstrate that it possesses in an exaggerated degree the disadvantages of all state authority. If it is strong enough to accomplish its job of enforcing peace, it incurs the danger of being too strong for the desirable liberties of the constituent members. Considering the nature and weakness of government itself, a super-government is a dangerous thing.

The American contribution to organized peace, of which the Kellogg treaty is the expression, proposes, consequently, to get rid of public war, by a method different from the one which has been used to get rid of private war. It seeks to promote peace by asking the separate states to renounce the attempt to realize political ends by engaging in war; and this attempt to cultivate responsibility for preserving the peace of the world in the brains and conscience of the nations themselves is a desirable supplement to the more imperative machinery of the League of Nations. In so far as the resolutions to renounce war by the individual nation are sincere, they will do away with the necessity of appealing to a super-government in order to keep peace. There is every reason to believe that these resolutions are verbally sincere. They are the expression of an honest abhorrence of war, and of a deeply felt wish to avoid it. But it remains doubtful how far the verbal resolution will induce the peace-pledged nations to do away at the same time with the occasions and the weapons of international conflict. Both President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg apparently expect the nations to renounce war without giving up the expensive armies and navies which are needed only to wage it, and without adopting any alternative means of accomplishing those important political objects which formerly governments expected to accomplish by war. As a matter of fact, France and England have entered into the obligation just as they entered into Locarno, without expecting in any other respect to alter their national policy. Now that these governments have vowed to outlaw war, it will in the future be more than ever the job of sincere pacifists to get them to act as if war were really outlawed.

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Tolstoy: The Lesson of the Artist

TOLSTOY'S centenary has a significance beyond the honoring of an individual artist or prophet. It is a grateful recognition of the influence of Russia upon the world in the esthetic, social, spiritual spheres; of which influence Tolstoy was as much the type and forerunner as was Peter the Great in the political. It was in 1879 that Matthew Arnold introduced Tolstoy to the English-speaking public through his essay on "Anna Karénina." Before that time there had been only a few unimportant translations into English of Gogol, Pushkin and Turgeniev. And it may be remarked that Russian music, Russian dancing, Russian theater were equally unknown in England. The beginning of an immense cultural influence was the translation of "Anna Karénina," followed by "War and Peace." Tolstoy opened the way to his contemporaries, Turgeniev and Dostoyevsky, and to his followers, Chekhov, Andreyev and Gorky. It is interesting to note that in the years when official English criticism was attacking with all its might Zola and the French naturalists, and trying to save the British theater from Ibsen, the Russian realists were welcomed. This was doubtless due to the strong religious element in the Russians. Tolstoy's place as a novelist was scarcely recognized in England before his religious and social doctrine made him known as a cosmopolitan figure. The English public was witnessing the same phenomenon, the transformation of the artist into the reformer, in John Ruskin and William Morris. Perhaps also the political aspect of Tolstoy's teaching made somewhat for his sympathetic reception. In those years the bear that walked like a man was recognized as the secular foe of the British Empire. Chimerical as Tolstoy's pacifism and non-resistance seemed to Englishmen, they regarded such teaching as wholesome for Russia, the enemy, however much they deprecated it later for Russia the ally.

The greatness of Tolstoy as a novelist, so promptly accepted by the world, had its basis in the power of his senses. He was the most naïve of realists. His birth as an artist is recorded in a passage in "Childhood and Youth." When a child of three in his bath, he tells us, "I was for the first time conscious of and admired my young body, with the ribs that I could trace with my finger, and the smooth, dark tub, the withered hands of the nurse, and the warm, steaming, circling water, its splashing, and above all the smooth feeling of the wet ends of the tub when I passed my hands over them." This keenness of sensation supplied him with his material, the physical aspects of the world and of his fellow beings. No reader of his work will need to be reminded of the part which bodily habit, feature, gesture and mannerism play in identifying his characters. It is this intense physical actuality which holds our attention in the case of princess Bolkonskaya in the first pages of "War and Peace," or in the wonderful entrance of Anna Karénina on the scene of her novel. Not only does he present his men and women with the powerful appeal which they made to his sense of their physical reality, but he divines their own sensations, the appeal of the world and of their fellow mortals to them. His knowledge of them is derived from their looks, tones and movements. As an artist his psychology is pure behaviorism.

But step by step with the growth of his knowledge of humanity and his skill in portraying it went an increasing demand to find the reason of it. Tolstoy was not content to remain, like Chekhov, a sheer realist. Realism in his art was only a step toward significance. His whole career was a search for the meaning of life, and all his work from "The Cossacks" to "Resurrection" is an account of his experience in this quest. It is all a long confession. His physical nature and endowment, which was the basis of his personality and his art, he knew also as a danger and a handicap, constantly tempting him to remain in the realm of sense and the enjoyment of the world which his body gave him. Nowhere do we find described so perfectly the sense of perfect physical well-being and happiness as in Tolstoy's young men: Olenin in "The Cossacks," Vronsky in "Anna Karénina," Nekhlyudov in "Resurrection." And yet just as Tolstoy loved the body and its life, he came to hate it as an enemy of the spirit; and the urge to penetrate beyond it, to find a reason and justification for life in what we call spiritual experience, never let him rest. This caused the dualism which marked Tolstoy's whole career, and which appears in the characters with whom he is himself easily identified, in Olenin in "The Cossacks," in Pierre in "War and Peace," in Levin in "Anna Karénina."

In his first work, "The Cossacks," which grew out of his abandonment of the life of pleasure of the typical young Russian nobleman of the day, and his refuge in the Caucasus among simple and primitive people, the story is directly and naïvely told. Olenin feels all the urgency of the flesh, but at times he perceives by the logic of his own desires the ethical paradox that happiness cannot be achieved directly, but only through the happiness of others. The process by which Olenin reaches this conclusion is an illustration of what has been said of Tolstoy himself—"He understood with his whole body." The secret of life, of which Olenin

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caught a glimpse, his creator never forgot. He took part in the Crimean War, which made him known in Russia as the author of the sketches in "Sevastopol"; and then betook himself to his estate at Yasnaya Polyana and devoted himself to his peasants, as related in "A Russian Proprietor." There he wrote "War and Peace" and "Anna Karénina," which made him known to all Europe. But the lure of military glory and the reputation of a great writer both failed to satisfy his spiritual hunger. No more than pleasure was fame a fulfillment of life. And with the completion of "Anna Karénina" he set out, at the age of fifty-two, on the last phase of his pilgrimage, which was to end thirty years later at Astopovo.

Tolstoy had as an artist an intense passion for his material, humanity. It began with a love of himself, his body and its desires; it extended to the men and women about him who fixed his eager attention and absorbed his interest. But this was not enough. Since the end of life is the happiness of others, he needed to know humanity more widely and fully, to enter into their spirit more deeply. In 1882 he made his incursion, humanitarian in every sense, into the slums of Moscow, which he has narrated in "What to Do?" And at once he came upon a baffling situation which must be stated in his own words:

> I realized now, for the first time, that all these people, besides the mere effort to find food and shelter from the cold, must live through the rest of every day of their life as other people have to do, must get angry at times, and be dull, and try to appear light-hearted, and be sad or merry. And now, for the first time (however strange the confession may sound), I was fully aware that the task which I was undertaking could not simply consist in feeding and clothing a thousand people (just as one might feed a thousand head of sheep, and drive them into shelter), but must develop some more essential help. And when I considered that each one of these individuals was just another man as myself, possessing also a past history, with the same passions, temptations, and errors, the same thoughts, the same questions to be answered, then suddenly the work before me appeared stupendous, and I felt my own utter helplessness—but it had been begun, and I was resolved to continue it.

In other words, Tolstoy saw the need of applying to all humanity the artistic process of understanding which he had been applying to a few cases selected for his art. And as an immediate result of his social analysis it appeared to him that the great tragedy of human society was its division into classes, the separation of men and women into social strata which are more remote from one another than different nations and races. Tolstoy was not the first to realize this. Forty years before, Disraeli, with the prescience of genius, had given his novel "Sybil" a second title, "The Two Nations," and through one of his characters had explained the term.

> "Two nations; between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws. . . . The Rich and the Poor."

The sense of the tragedy of a divided humanity came to Tolstoy, however, as artist and as moralist, with the force of a discovery, and he uttered it with an explicit arraignment of his own class:

> Without prejudice I looked into our own mode of life, and became aware that it was not by chance that closer intercourse with the poor is difficult for us, but that we ourselves are intentionally ordering our lives in such a way as to make this intercourse impossible. And not only this; but, on looking at our lives, or at the lives of rich people, from without, I saw that all that is considered as the *summum bonum* of these lives consists in being separated as much as possible from the poor, or is in some way or other connected with this desired separation.
>
> In fact, all the aim of our lives, beginning with food, dress, dwelling, cleanliness, and ending with our education, consists in placing a gulf between us and them. And in order to establish this distinction and separation we spend nine-tenths of our wealth in erecting impassable barriers.

Tolstoy has given to the question "What to Do?" three answers. The first is personal—a rule of life. "It was only when I repented—that is, left off considering myself to be a peculiar man, and began to consider myself to be like *all* other men—it was then that my way became clear to me." The second is likewise personal, but it is clear that it contains a social principle, that of renunciation on the part of the possessing class to which Mr. Hobson looks with hope as a "revolution by consent."

> I saw that the cause of the sufferings and depravity of men lies in the fact that some men are in bondage to others; and therefore I came to the obvious conclusion that if I want to help men, I have first of all to leave off causing those very misfortunes which I want to remedy—in other words, I must not share in the enslaving of men. I was led to the enslaving of men by the circumstance that from my infancy I had been accustomed not to work, but to utilize the labor of others, and I have been living in a society which is not only accustomed to this slavery, but justifies it by all kinds of sophistry, clever and foolish. I came to the following simple conclusion, that, in order to avoid causing the sufferings and depravity of men, I ought to make other men work for me as little as possible, and to work myself as much as possible.

The third answer is esthetic, a fundamental remedy for the healing of the nations by the ministry

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of art. It is stated in his revolutionary monograph "What Is Art?" published in 1895. Already Tolstoy had turned with revulsion from the so-called fine arts, meant to give pleasure to the privileged few, especially from the art of fiction which he had himself practised to such great purpose. He found in the novel of his own day three leading motives —pride of place, sexual pleasure, boredom with life. What have these to do with the sorrow of mankind, wherewith the whole creation groaneth and travaileth? Such art springs from the great wound of humanity, which it widens and deepens.

> . . . They [artists] cannot help knowing that fine art can arise only on the slavery of the masses of the people, and can continue only as long as that slavery lasts, and they cannot help knowing that only under conditions of intense labor for the workers, can specialists—writers, musicians, dancers and actors—arrive at that fine degree of perfection to which they do attain, or produce their refined works of art; and only under the same conditions can there be a fine public to esteem such productions. Free the slaves of capital, and it will be impossible to produce such refined art.

True art originates in the desire to share experience with others, and depends upon the solidarity of mankind.

> Art begins when one person, with the object of joining another or others to himself in one and the same feeling, expresses that feeling by certain external indications.
>
> Art is a human activity, consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them.
>
> Art is not, as the metaphysicians say, the manifestation of some mysterious Idea of beauty, or God; it is not, as the esthetical physiologists say, a game in which man lets off his excess of stored-up energy; it is not the expression of man's emotions by external signs; it is not the production of pleasing objects; and, above all, it is not pleasure; but it is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same feelings, and indispensable for the life and progress toward well-being of individuals and of humanity.

The similarity of Tolstoy's view with those which Ruskin and Morris were putting forward in England, that art is a function, not of the few, but of the people as a whole, and properly exists only through their desire and need, is obvious. It is clear also that Tolstoy anticipates more modern estheticians in his conception of the functional capacity of art. John Dewey recognizes the principle of esthetic enjoyment in communication. "Communication," he says in "Experience and Nature," "is an immediate enhancement of life enjoyed for its own sake." And again: "Shared experience is the greatest of human goods." And he emphasizes the social end of art in declaring: "All art is a process of making the world a different place in which to live." This acceptance of art as a means of ordering life is implicit in words of a philosopher of different outlook from Dewey's. Dr. Santayana in "Skepticism and Animal Faith" speaks of "the natural world in which it is possible to live better by practising the arts." Again he tells us: "What matters is that science should be integrated with art and that the arts should substitute the dominion of man over circumstances . . . for the dominion of chance." This comes very close to Dewey's "Art is the sole alternative to luck." Finally Havelock Ellis in "The Dance of Life" attempts a reading of all human activity, of science and conduct, in terms of art, of which he chooses the dance as typical because it requires no material except the body and extends its range in widest coöperation. Moreover, his singling out of two special services which art renders to humanity would have received affirmation from Tolstoy: Art brings us into contact with realities by piercing the veil of convention which is the result of our simplification and classification for intellectual purposes; and it combats and counteracts the possessive instinct by giving us "the power of enjoying things without being reduced to the need of possessing them."

What has been said has perhaps served my purpose of showing Tolstoy, not as a lonely and isolated figure—a voice crying in the wilderness, but as the child of his age, feeling more acutely than others, and suffering more intensely from the disharmonies in personal life, the divisions in society. He, like other critics of the nineteenth century, awoke to disillusionment with the properties of life as increased by progress in science and industry. He, like them, was a seeker after the intrinsic values of living—those things which commend themselves to our immediate feeling as worth while for their own sake—not merely in relation to exterior ends. Tolstoy's doctrine was primarily esthetic, not scientific or social. He saw in it a religious influence.

> The task for art to accomplish is to make that feeling of brotherhood and love of one's neighbor, now attained only by the best members of society, the customary feeling and the instinct of all men. By evoking, under imaginary conditions, the feeling of brotherhood and love, religious art will train men to experience those same feelings under similar circumstances in actual life; it will lay in the souls of men the rails along which the actions of those whom art thus educates will naturally pass. And universal art, by uniting the most different people in one common feeling, by destroying separation, will educate people to union, will show them, not by reason, but by life itself, the joy of universal union reaching beyond the bounds set by life.

This is not the occasion on which to discuss the logic of Tolstoy's creed, or to bring it to the test

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of practicability, which, after all, can only be theoretic. Still less is it one on which to emphasize the wanderings, inconsistencies and shortcomings in Tolstoy's following of it. He was more conscious of them than anyone, and he has in his own confessions anticipated his gainsayers. It is the moment in which to accept him gratefully for what he was —in Romain Rolland's phrase, "our conscience"; and to remember with Gorky: "He is great and holy because he is a man . . . a man seeking God not for himself, but for men."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Overpopulated?

THE month of July, 1928, will stand out prominently in every future social history of Great Britain. In this month the admission was for the first time frankly made, in official documents and ministerial speeches, that our island is overpopulated. It is not a conclusion which a nation reaches lightly. It implies a pessimistic estimate of the future of our basic industries. It means that in competition with our neighbors we have ceased to be sanguine about our ability to recover our nineteenth-century preëminence as "the workshop of the world." Successive governments have clung to every possible explanation of our trade depression which might postpone this dreaded conclusion. They talked eloquently about the after-effects of war; they blamed the riot of the continental currencies; they pointed to the diminished purchasing power of former European customers, and in moments of ill-temper they even attempted to throw some part of the responsibility on working men who struggled to maintain their old level of wages. At last the facts are being faced, and even Mr. Baldwin, whose function in our public life is to preach faith, hope and charity, has abandoned the theory of a cyclical or temporary depression. That admirable form of stupidity which refuses to know when it is beaten may explain our curious delay in coming to this conclusion: it has its merits on the battlefield, but in this social crisis it has wrought disaster, for it has postponed the radical effort of reconstruction which alone can arrest a slow process of decline.

Two events have dated our conversion. The monthly figures of unemployment are slowly rising; they have falsified official forecasts, and one must now reckon with 1,200,000 as the total burden of unemployment. Even this figure understates the facts. The other event was the publication of a bulky report from the three Commissioners who, since January, have been studying the problem of transferring the surplus labor of the depressed trades to other employment. Mr. MacDonald has described it as the report of "three men in despair," and the phrase reflects fairly enough what most of us felt after reading it. It is, in ability, rather below the usual high level of British official publications. It ignores altogether the influence which a most questionable policy in matters of finance and currency has had in bringing us to our present plight; and this was only natural since the present head of the Treasury was the senior Commissioner. But this merit, at least, the report possesses: it has forced the Cabinet and Parliament to bow to its ruthless presentation of the facts. The central tragedy is, of course, the situation of the coal mines. There can no longer be a doubt that we have 200,000 miners who will never again go down into a pit. It is with their prospects that the report is chiefly concerned, but it warns us, without attempting any estimate in figures, that ship-building, the iron-and-steel trade and "heavy" engineering have also their permanent surplus of superfluous hands. No one doubts this diagnosis in its application to the coal mines. The world's demand for coal is slowly diminishing, year by year, while new fields in the Dominions and in Asia are steadily nibbling at our export totals. There are valleys in South Wales which will never again see the winding-wheel turn at the pit-head; the blanket of smoke will lift from the slate roofs of their crowded cottages, and on the slopes of the mountain-walls that hem them in, the larch and the pine will strike their roots again. Already, in Scotland and elsewhere, the poorer pits have been permanently sealed, and their owners (but not their workers), compensated from a mutual pool. In proportion as the cotton and engineering trades overcome the stubborn individualism of their masters, and resort to combination and "rationalization," the same process of concentration which will bring security to the majority of their "hands," will forbid an appreciable minority to hope again. For "rationalization" means, of course, both the closing of inefficient concerns, and the adoption, in the rest, of labor-saving machinery.

At this point the American reader will gasp with surprise, as well he may. For "rationalization," in the peculiar conditions which ruled in the closed American labor market, during and after the War, did not entail these consequences. It marched parallel with a policy of high wages, and the expanding home market created a new demand for labor which balanced the economics of mechanization. (I realize that this optimistic interpretation has, during the past year, come to be suspect, but it may still, over a long period, vindicate itself.) Neither in England nor on the Continent, however, are the

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employing classes capable of the bigness and vision which will spontaneously adopt the policy of high wages. Nor are there in the labor market conditions which might enable the workers to impose it. For, though the organization of the workers is incomparably superior to that of the average American labor union, the surplus of unemployed men renders even a defensive strike a doubtful and perilous adventure. The third of the big symptomatic events of our eloquent July has just happened on the railways. The men are admirably organized, and the "key" grades, especially the locomotive engineers, have occasionally shown a somewhat reckless militancy. Yet they have just accepted an all-round "cut" in wages of 2.5 percent. The men's surrender was doubtless inevitable, and they acted wisely in sparing themselves and the country the misery and loss of a conflict which could have had but one result. Yet one shudders as one reads the congratulations of the press on their "patriotic sacrifice." For the railways, penetrating everywhere, set a national standard in wages, for village and town alike, and one fears that industry after industry will now approach its employees, with arguments of varying plausibility, and invite them to follow the good example of the railwaymen. "Rationalization," which at the best proceeds very slowly in its battle with individualism, may in the long run bring with it some lowering of commodity prices, but it will not mean, as it meant in America, a rise in money wages, and may not mean a rise in real wages. The stress in every typical English discussion is still laid upon our export trade: the possibilities of the home market are overlooked.

Casting about, then, for trades which might absorb these 200,000 unemployed miners, the Commission could not reckon on any general expansion in other trades. There is no expanding home market, and the whole struggle is to retain our imperilled foreign trade. They see no hope in agriculture, for to train and equip a miner to run a small farm would be an impossibly costly venture. They do advise a modest resort to "forest holdings," which require a much smaller capital, since the occupant gains his living partly as a wage-earner in planting, felling and sawing, and only partly as a husbandman. But on this proposal the government looks coldly. Nor do they recommend either of two obviously salutary palliatives—the reduction of the labor army by extending the period of compulsory schooling, and by pensioning the veterans. They concentrate their attention on the possibilities of migration and emigration, and assuredly, in those coal fields which are nearing exhaustion, this plainly is the only hope.

The peculiarity of our industrial situation is that the really grave unemployment is local, though it is concentrated in some of our most populous regions. But while no less than 60 percent of the insured workers of Merthyr in South Wales are unemployed, only 5 percent of the working population of London is in that case. There are districts in the Midlands which show an even lower percentage, while Northumberland, Durham and the Welsh mining counties have from 19 to 23 percent of their workers unemployed. Much of the unemployment in London is easily endured—it lasts but a few weeks: that of the miners is permanent and hopeless. The report insists, again and again, that these men are in character and capacity at least up to the average level of English working men. They are not the inefficient, or the "work-shy." An old pit closes down, and fate descends on an entire village. Nor is it even the case that the old or the elderly prevail among them. There are youths, demoralized by compulsory idleness before they have acquired the habit of work: young men with growing families who see no hope either for themselves or their children; as well as the elderly and the middle-aged, who will not easily learn another trade.

It is true that a rather rapid change is taking place in the geographical distribution of English industries. The coming of steam power meant a migration from the then prosperous and populous Southern counties to the North; London would ship its pauper children to the mills of Lancashire. Today four factors are drawing new industries to the South—the relative cheapness of building sites in rural areas, the low level of local taxation (for the afflicted counties must levy a crushing poor-law rate), the cheapness of road transport, and the availability of electric power. Oxford vies with Detroit in making cheap cars, and wherever the green counties are crossed by high-tension electric cables, there the new rectangular factories of glass and concrete make their appearance beside the church spires and the elms. But as yet this new development has involved little migration of labor. The new factory is highly mechanized, and it attracts the unskilled youths and women from the villages around it. The Commission appeals to the good will of employers to remember the dire need of the miners. The government has created training centers to teach new trades both to boys and adults. It tries to argue (and theoretically its case may be sound) that even where there is already in a county outside the coal fields an unemployment percentage of 5 or 7, it may be possible to bring in labor from outside without injustice to the local population. But the new industry which seeks a village site is often keenly alive to the fact that villagers have no tradition of organization, and are not exacting in their standards of pay. Miners have a hereditary instinct for combination. Funds will be available to assist these men with loans to meet the expenses of removal. But, rightly or wrongly, these plans have not quickened the nation's pulse.

There remains the possibility of emigration to the Dominions. Here, too, the government has its plans, and is prepared to spend appreciable sums

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of money to aid the miners. It will train them through the winter on English farms, and then, not only will it advance their passage to Canada, but if they can save $500 during two years at hired labor, it will assist them to acquire farms. But this scheme, even if all goes well, will not remove more than 10,000 adult miners, though with women and children it may include 21,000 persons in its benefits. There is also a plan to assist 10,000 men, of whom many or most will be miners, to go this year to Canada for the harvest, and some of these may remain, though they will find, when their harvesting is over, the labor market at its lowest seasonal ebb. But both in the Report and in Mr. Baldwin's speech, one hears a painfully audible note of disillusionment over the possibilities of emigration.

The rest of the government's scheme is designed to stave off the imminent bankruptcy of the coal trade: it can do nothing for this surplus labor. It is proposed, by relieving the railways of 75 per cent of their burden of local taxation, to enable them to lower the freights of coal destined for export, for bunkers, or for blast furnaces. A year hence, the same relief from local taxation is promised to all so-called "productive" industries. The intention is plainly to assist coal-exports, by a disguised subsidy, which may amount to seventeen cents per ton. The industry is at present "dumping" its coal in foreign markets, at prices far below the cost of production, while it recoups itself by overcharging the home consumer. It has refused to discuss with its German competitors the possibility of rationing foreign markets, and fixing an economic price consistent with a living wage. The government is backing it in this suicidal competition, which supplies our rivals with artificially cheap coal, while it threatens the standard of life, not of our miners only, but of those of the whole Continent also.

At this point history breaks off, and intelligent anticipation begins. The chief data in our problem have been stated for us with an illuminating clearness in the month of July—the permanent surplus in our working population; the difficulty of devising any scheme of emigration which will work quickly or on an adequate scale; the gradual adoption of "rationalization" and combination on the Continental rather than the American model; the survival of the nineteenth-century belief that our destiny is to work primarily for the export market; the refusal to enter into Continental combinations to restrict international competition, and the consequent adherence to a policy of low wages. The rapid decline of the birth rate, through the general adoption of birth control, will ease the problem of population as the years go on: even Mr. Baldwin, Conservative and Churchman though he is, dwelt on this element of hope. But even on this reckoning, a generation of difficulty, which for a large part of the working class means tragedy, lies before us. That desperate section of the workers, in South Wales and among the Scottish miners, drifts towards Communism, while the main body, because it feels insecure, and yet enjoys for the moment tolerable conditions, tends more than ever to caution. The main body of the Tory party sees no remedy in which it really believes, save protection. Liberals and the main body of Labor have faith in a greatly accelerated process of rationalization, and both, in varying degrees, would introduce into it an element of deliberate central planning and state control. Both have bold plans for developing agriculture, which means that they have not unlimited faith in our ability to maintain, or, at least, to expand our exports, and seek a balance through some reduction of our debt to the world for imported foodstuffs. That Liberals should lay this new stress on guidance, control and assistance from the State means, evidently, that they do not differ greatly from the Labor party in their estimate of the capacity of the employing class (at least, in the older basic industries) for leadership. That, indeed, is the one element in our situation which seems to justify pessimism. Of quickness, inventiveness, and bold imagination there is no lack among organizers and scientists. It is the owning class, removed by two or three generations from the struggles which brought it wealth and command, which seems, in these older industries, to suffer from intellectual inadequacy and paralysis of the will. My own belief is that the logic of events, with some assistance from the Labor party, when it attains to power, will drive these industries eventually into an understanding with their Continental competitors, which will result in the fixing of an economic price for coal, and a relaxation of the pressure which makes today for the degradation of wage-standards. The Labor party will, at last, ratify the Eight Hours Convention, and reverse the Tory legislation which added an hour to the miners' working day.

The unknown factor when one peers into the future is financial policy. The ruthless policy of deflation which the Bank of England has followed through seven years, and follows as stubbornly as ever today, precipitated our trials and prolonged them. One watches a vague uneasiness on this subject creeping over both the Labor and Liberal parties. The few experts who lead the opposition to this policy gain a somewhat puzzled hearing. One catches occasionally an echo from Mr. Keynes in a speech by an average Member of Parliament, or a trade-union leader. The Labor party and the Trade Union Congress have reached the stage of demanding an inquiry into the monetary policy. But action would involve a sharp struggle with the old-fashioned bureaucracy of the Treasury, with the main body of the banking world, with the whole *rentier* class, and with most of the daily newspapers. Can one expect, from political leaders who only dimly understand, the self-confidence and the

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resolution to lead in such a struggle a rank and file which as yet understands nothing whatever? That is to ask a daring which leaders rarely show in any democracy. Yet, if this interested folly of perpetual deflation should continue, the right hand of Conservative finance will undo all that the Liberal left hand may attempt, in its bold efforts to rationalize and reconstruct. Must we wait until boys and girls learn at school the elements of the Quantity Theory of money, as naturally as they learn Dalton's Atomic Theory today? If the average man knew as much about gold as he knows about oxygen, we might have escaped these seven years of depression, nor would it seem to us certain that we must sit passive under the verdict of overpopulation.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

In Memoriam

An Address Delivered in Boston on the Anniversary of the Execution of Sacco and Vanzetti

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We are met here tonight in the name of justice. A year ago two men were put to death by the act of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. And we, who in advance protested against that act as unjust, are assembled now to renew our protest and, so far as we can, to keep ringing in the ears of men the cry against injustice.

It is evident, I think, that if we would make our protest effective we must, ourselves, try to deal justly with those with whom we differ. We cannot do much for justice by pleading its cause unjustly. Too much of our human story is a sorry tale of fighting for love with hatred, fighting for truth with lies, fighting for peace with war. When we do those things we make the human spirit worse than unsuccessful. We make it ridiculous.

I ask you, then, to join with me for a few minutes in trying to see, as fairly as we can, the human situation within which this tragedy of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti falls, the situation from which it springs. For two reasons, I shall not speak to you about the men who died a year ago. First, I did not know them personally, and so I am sure that others who were their friends can tell their qualities far better than I. And second, when we are trying to be just, it is better that for the moment we turn our minds away from the immediate tragedy. The taking of life is so terrible a thing, and the taking of it unjustly so inhuman a thing, that in the presence of it our passions rise to fury which darkens counsel and obscures the truth. I am sure, therefore, that in the name of those who have suffered from the defeat of justice by passion, I have a right to ask that we now put passion aside, put away the memories and thoughts which would stir us to anger and bitterness. We are here not for revenge, but to try to see clearly how injustice was done, to see it so clearly that in the future there may be less likelihood that it will be done again.

But men will ask, as many have already asked, why do you re-open for discussion a question which has been answered? These men are dead; no protest of yours can bring them back to life. Why, then, do you accuse again the Commonwealth of Massachusetts? For seven long years you had your say. Is that not enough? I wish that those who ask these questions would read, or read again, the story which Plato tells about the trial and death of Socrates. I know nothing in literature which might more profitably be studied by this community. Socrates, too, was tried, condemned and put to death. Was that the end of it? It was not so for Plato, the pupil of Socrates. I have no doubt that the Athenians wished to make an end of the discussion, wished to forget, but not so Plato. He told the story again, and told it in such a way that it will never be forgotten so long as men can read. Athens has gone, her courts of justice have passed away, and still men talk of Socrates—of his accusers and of the mad injustice which brought him to his death.

Why can we not be silent? I turn to Plato for the answer which in his own day he gave to this same question. As you read the "Apology" you will find that the theme is not the death of Socrates, but the injustice of that death. One evil had befallen Socrates—his death. Another had befallen Athens—injustice, and it is for Athens that Plato mourned rather than for Socrates. Listen to the words which he attributes to his master, pleading his case before the court—"And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake, as you may think, but for yours, that you may not sin against the God by condemning me. I would have you know that if you kill such a one as I am, you will injure yourselves more than you will injure me." Plato, you see, was convinced that to do injustice is worse than to suffer it, to put a man to death unjustly is worse than to die. "The difficulty, my friends," he says through Socrates, "is not to avoid death, but to avoid unrighteousness, for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly and the slower runner has overtaken me; and my accusers are keen and quick and the faster

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runner, which is unrighteousness, has overtaken them."

Why can we not be silent? The reason today in Massachusetts is just what it was in Athens long ago. We, too, as a people, are keen and quick, and we, too, have been overtaken by the faster runner, which is unrighteousness. How shall we escape unrighteousness? That question is not answered and we must not cease to talk about it.

But now, what is the issue? We must try to state it more exactly. It is, I think, just that which Plato found in Athens when Socrates was brought to judgment. There was little to fear, he tells us, in the accusations presented to the Court, little to dread in the evidence by which those accusations were supported. But there was much to fear in the minds of those to whom the evidence was presented, by whom judgment was rendered. Far back in those minds were another host of accusers to whom Socrates could make no adequate reply, to try to answer whom was like the attempt to fight with shadows. Those accusers were fear and prejudice and distorted loyalties. Men whispered that this man Socrates denied the Gods, corrupted the youth, questioned the customs of the State. And as they whispered and feared, their minds were poisoned. And so in the "Apology," Plato is searching out with shrewd and piercing irony the ways in which the mind of a community has made itself unfit to render impartial judgment.

But now, enough of Plato and of Athens. What of ourselves and of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts? Are we obsessed by fears? Do we regard our fellows as alien things with minds and hearts quite different from our own? And do we whisper, do we suspect, do we hate? These things are poisons for the mind. Do we then feed on poisons? What does the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, Thayer and Lowell mean in answer to that question?

It seems to me to mean that in a modern Commonwealth like this, one finds in conflict with justice forces so powerful that even the strongest minds we have, as well as those of weaker fiber, are overcome and swept away. Those forces are of many kinds, in many varying sets of circumstances. And yet I think that we can see, running throughout them all, one dominant trend, one constant influence. I mean the cleavages which in various ways divide mankind into two camps, the Ins and Outs, our people and the other crowd, the Upper and the Lower Class, this kind of man and that. By some strange hostile perversity of fate, or by some weakness in ourselves, we seem unable to do our work, to get the human purposes accomplished, without the making of such divisions as these. We cannot create the wealth we need without dividing the rich and poor, those who have far too much, and those whose share is far too small. And so it comes about that these two fear and hate each other. Again, we feel the thrill of kinship, of common blood, of common interests and culture. And soon we have set our group against some other group which we can never hope to understand. We speak of Wops and Kikes and Reds in much the way in which we speak of typhus germs or other noxious things which threaten the normal functioning of human life. Or, still again, we form the government of nations to keep the peace, to make our human relationships secure and regular, and soon we find one nation facing another with blank uncomprehending eyes, furious because of insult or injury—and then, with words of justice on our lips we go to war, seeking to ravage and destroy. The Ins and Outs, our kind, the other kind—that is, I think, the cleavage which blinds men's eyes to justice, that poisons the mind in such a way that judgment cannot be impartial.

And now, if what I have said is true, what can be done about it? How shall we work for justice in a social world which, in our very making of it, we make unjust? There is no single all-sufficient answer to that question. Forever the human spirit is caught in forms of clay. Forever, the institutions which it fashions to serve its ends deny those ends as well as serve them, destroy our values as well as bring them into being. If, in the making of our social scheme, men are divided by wealth, by class, by creed, by party, how shall we plan to escape the prejudice, the fears, the hatreds, the injustice which these divisions bring? I say there is no single ready answer to that question and yet the answer must be sought and found—so far as men can find it. The human spirit must free itself from its own slaves, must fashion and use its instruments, instead of being used and fashioned by them. How shall we go about that task?

There are, I think, three typical attitudes in which men face this problem of justice. I do not mean that any single man can be defined in terms of any single type, and yet the types are there and it is well to see them.

The first attitude is that of men who seem to think the social scheme is finished, a completed thing. They find themselves within some group, family, a sect, a party, a business, a nation, a social class. And other men are likewise placed by fate in other groups. That is the way the world is made. That is the way the fathers gave it to us. And we who follow the fathers must take things as we find them and make them go as in the scheme the rules require that they should go. And when men take this view they make of justice a code of rules defining rights and wrongs. Justice becomes for them a negative, a passive thing, and its observance something quite external to the man himself.

But surely, that is not what justice is! Justice is reason in the affairs of men. Justice is friendship of man for man, of group for group. No man can treat another man with justice, unless he knows that other man, knows him as human like

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himself, feels his desires, thinks his thoughts. Justice requires that we should know our fellows as we know ourselves. The social scheme is not a finished thing that comes to us already fixed and dead. And justice is alive, a living, flaming, inner thing.

The second attitude is wiser than the first. It does not take the social scheme for granted. It sees that scheme as means to serve our ends, as practices and institutions which men have made to serve their purposes. And it accepts the scheme as such. For example, we must have wealth. If, then, the making of wealth divides us into hostile groups, we must have hostile groups and make the best of them. Such groups are dangerous, we say. They quickly master those who seek to use them. And we must therefore be on guard to keep them in their proper place. Reason must take the field to criticize our institutions. They must forever be curbed and questioned. And if they try to lead us into fear and prejudice, to hate and conflict, the mind of man must set them right, the will of man must keep them right. This is the way of critical intelligence. But if one take this way he must expect to find it hard to travel. One may not let his mind grow weak and slack within the accepted confines of his group and then expect to find it tough and strong when there is need of understanding. One may not let one's thinking be warped and twisted out of shape by dogmas, creeds and party cries, and yet expect to find it straight and true when clear, impartial judgment is required. The fight for justice is, in such a social scheme as ours, a fight for mastery over something else within ourselves that hates and sneers at justice, that ever loves the partial view of special interest. As such, the fight is never won. New hates, new sneers, new interests present themselves with every changing circumstance, and we must meet and conquer them with every coming day.

But there is still another view which must be heard, which has, I think, a right to have a hearing. This view is more impatient than the last. Its program is to break the present social scheme to bits and put another in its place. What is the use, it asks, of working with tools which cut our hands, which are destructive of the very ends one seeks to make them serve? Why build our economic scheme on private property when property has cursed and tortured man whenever he has placed his faith upon it? Why hold to creeds when anyone can see that creeds are false, when tested by the truth which men desire to have? Why should mankind be broken into hostile, warring camps when there might be in place of these the brotherhood of man—a social scheme of kindliness and understanding?

Here are three attitudes toward justice. Which shall we take? I plead for taking the second with constant eager listening to the third. We need intelligence inspired by dreams. We need the splendid discontent which comes from seeing clearly what the world might be. And so again I ask you to remember Plato. He studied justice as perhaps no other man has done. But also he dreamed his dream of a society in which the justice that he loved should reign supreme.

And now one final word! I said, when I began, that I would try to keep from speaking about the men whose names we call to memory tonight. But at the end I think one fitting word might well be said. These men were dreamers. They saw the evils of our social scheme; they felt its meanness and its arrogance. And always they dreamed and planned that something better might be made, a human life more just and fair for all of us. And since that was their dream, I do not think that they have died in vain. Their death has stirred the hearts of men throughout the world to fight more bravely the battle of justice and of friendliness. They have not died in vain if we and other men, because of them, are stirred to keep the faith, are made to see again that justice is more precious than life itself, injustice more terrible than death.

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN.

Washington Notes

IT is amazing how utterly impossible it is for the political journalists of high and low degree not to be unduly impressed by the glamor which the possession of great wealth gives to a man in politics. Instinctively they treat him with a deference not accorded to the average "run of the mine" politician. Automatically they are tender toward him. Unconsciously they magnify his virtues, minimize his faults, ignore his shortcomings, make his possession of ordinary common sense seem intellectual greatness or positive genius. As a matter of fairness, this disposition should not be regarded as peculiarly or exclusively inherent in newspaper men. More or less it is a general human inclination, but when the vastly rich break into politics it is the editorial and reportorial classes in which the tender tendency is most obvious and, because the great bulk of the people depend upon these classes for their view of public men—and for everything else—most effective.

Ever since 1921 we have had here in Washington a remarkable and illuminating demonstration of these facts. For the past seven years, with extremely few exceptions the newspapers, regardless of politics, have contributed toward the popular impression that Mr. Mellon is a great man, a financial wizard and a self-sacrificing patriot. He is none of those things, but even the papers that have been mildly critical of the old gentleman have subscribed to the idea that he wielded great political power. Not even the humiliating exposition of bewildered futility given by him and his senatorial friend Mr. Reed, at Kansas City last June seemed to have materially altered that view.

The reason I am dwelling upon these facts regarding the inoffensive Mr. Mellon, who has just returned from his restful trip to Europe, is because of the

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disposition so plainly apparent in this campaign to build up "Jake" Raskob, the Democratic National Chairman, somewhat along the same general lines. I do not know whether Raskob has a hundred million dollars or not—probably he has—but, anyhow, the reputation of having it is getting him a favorable publicity not possible for a chairman who did not have or was not believed to have that many millions. He brings with him to the Democratic campaign the Big Business glamor, and it is interesting to watch the crop of character sketches and articles about Mr. Raskob that have broken out in the Sunday magazine sections all over the country, together with the tone of the daily newspaper treatment of the continuous flow of statements issued in his name. The whole tendency is toward eulogy, and his false steps, such, for example, as his endorsement of the equalization fee one day and denial of the endorsement the next, and his rather extreme words on the subject of prohibition in advance of his candidate's views, are glossed over and get by unnoticed. Similar breaks by poor old Dr. Work would have brought down on him an avalanche of newspaper denunciation. But then Dr. Work hasn't one million, let alone a hundred.

Should the unexpected happen and Al be elected, the tip is that Jake will be Secretary of the Treasury, succeeding the sainted Andrew. In view of this possibility it seems to me desirable, before the real Raskob gets wholly obscured by newspaper propaganda, to make a few statements of unvarnished fact about him. In the first place, the idea that he is demonstrating in the management of the campaign extraordinary efficiency or that he is displaying anything resembling originality, initiative or enterprise is without real foundation. The fact is, he was not expected to. The one thing he was expected to do is exactly what he has done. By virtue of his Big Business position, his hundred-million-dollar fortune and his General Motors prestige, he has impressed the press with the idea that the "business interests" feel that Smith is "safe." The other thing he was expected to do was to aid in the gathering of a fat campaign fund. He is functioning pretty well along both these lines, but he is not really running the campaign. That is being done by the really experienced and practical politicians who have been politically associated with Smith in his state fights, and who know the game.

Chief among these is Jimmy Hooey. There is nothing done around headquarters that Jimmy isn't in on—not much he does not start. Jake Raskob isn't the real manager—he is the window-dressing. The campaign will be over before he knows who's who in the important states, and the idea that he is cunningly planning and scheming and organizing and dealing and dickering is fiction, not fact. He would not know how to start. Moreover, despite his conceded influence with the Du Ponts, it is a fact that the Raskob name does not carry the weight in the business world that some others in the General Motors group do. Due to a gift for finance, native shrewdness and the good fortune that threw him in with Pierre Du Pont, he has been singularly successful. But he is not a great man. He has no firm grasp on public questions, not the slightest political flair, and he has not injected any extraordinary efficiency into the management of the campaign. Certain things are being efficiently done, but not because of Jake's ideas or actions. He is in fact, outside of his specialty, a very ordinary person, not specially well informed, not particularly interesting, not particularly attractive or high-grade, not deep and not gifted, not an outstanding man of his financial class.

I am of course delighted that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has so manfully stood up and expressed his mind, though why he stopped at the last hurdle is a baffling thing. After kicking Herbert in the midriff, bawling out his speech of acceptance, denouncing his attitude, policies and general campaign, taking his stand with Al and on Al's side, the good Doctor still fails to say that he will vote for the man with whom his heart and mind are in tune and against the one whom he cordially dislikes. Why did he stop? I don't know. It is a puzzling thing. Perhaps he will take that hurdle a little later. Perhaps, having unburdened his heavily laden soul and told the world the way he feels, he will now march sullenly up to the polls and vote the Republican ticket as usual. A good many years ago, when Blaine was the candidate, a distinguished Republican said after the nomination, "Of course I will vote for him, but I can't conscientiously advocate his election." I don't want to claim credit for inspiring Dr. Butler to heave his brick, but I am credibly informed that he got through the mail a good many clippings of a paragraph I wrote about him in this place a couple of weeks ago dwelling upon the extraordinary spectacle of the party tie holding in line a man of his type against his deepest political convictions and personal predilections.

T. R. B.

Washington.

To a Musician

Who, now, when evening darkens the water and the stream is dull,
Slowly, in a delicate frock, with her leghorn hat in her hand,
At your side from under the golden osiers moves,
Faintly smiling, shattered by the charm of your voice?

There, today, as in the days when I knew you well,
The willow sheds upon the stream its narrow leaves,
And the quiet flowing of the water and its faint smell
Are balm to the heart that grieves.

Together with the sharp discomfort of loving you,
Ineffable you, so lovely and so aloof,
There is laid upon the spirit the calmness of the river view;
Together they fall, the pain and its reproof.

Who, now, under the yellow willows at the water's edge
Closes defeated lips upon the trivial word unspoken,
And lifts her soft eyes freighted with a heavy pledge
To your eyes empty of pledges, even of pledges broken?

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

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The Front Page

The Front Page, by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Staged by George S. Kaufman. The Times Square Theater. August 14, 1928.

ALL the underworld is divided into three parts, the criminal, the police, and the press. In the old crime plays, of which Paul Armstrong gave us the classic example in "The Deep Purple," the criminals and the police divided the plot, with a reporter entering as a sort of *raisonneur* or by way of comic relief. Usually the police furnished the hero in the person of the detective who played the part of supreme intelligence, the embodiment of the majesty of law, or sometimes of the higher justice, the *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* theme. In these last years, however, police, district attorneys and judges have sunk into less sympathetic roles, or themselves become comic relief. The gunman and the crook have taken the place formerly held by the pirate and highwayman in the bourgeois imagination. Above all, the newspaper man has come into his own.

This is particularly true of the Chicago as opposed to the New York school of criminal drama. In Chicago the newspapers are more aggressive and powerful than in any other American city, unless it be San Francisco. This comes about in part because of the close connection of government with crime. The newspapers have the low-down on both partners, and are in a position to act as more or less impartial arbiters. They look to both parties for their most salable commodity, and it is naturally to their interest to maintain the balance of power. They are the scrupulous guardians of the public interest in crime, which is news. Thus, in "The Front Page," when the sheriff threatens to interfere with what the newspapers regard as their primary right to the story, the immediate *riposte* of the managing editor of the Herald-Examiner is "What have we got on him?" The New York crime play, to cite "Lucky Sam McCarver" or "Broadway," presents the haunts of the criminal—the cat house or the fence, the night club or the scene of the crime itself. Obviously, the reporter is out of place in these surroundings. He can appear only as a spy, or by an accident which brings him dangerously near to farce. In the Chicago crime play, the scene is set in the purlieus of prosecution, or in the temple of justice itself. In "Chicago" it was the jail and the court-room; in "The Racket" it was a police station; in "The Front Page" it is the press room of the Criminal Courts Building. Here the newspaper man is at home; here he can be himself, talk like himself, act like himself without self-consciousness. Here he is in the seat of his power as regent for the *grand monarque*, the public, whose rights in crime he is there to uphold—and before him mayor, sheriff and police bow in awe.

"The Front Page" affords the most complete example to date of these sociological observations. The significant action of the piece is entirely in the hands of the young men of the press, assembled in a room in the court-house, where a murderer is soon to be electrocuted. The representatives of law and order appear only as dupes or panderers. The criminal is a very attenuated one, a radical who has shot in self-defense a Negro policeman, the gravamen of the offense consisting in the fact that the Mayor needs the Negro vote within the next few days. Moreover, the slayer has been granted a reprieve by the Governor, which is cleverly planted in the second act; but, in order not to diminish suspense, the Mayor persuades the Governor's messenger to forget his mission and take an easy berth in the City Sealer's Office. But meanwhile the criminal, summoned to a last test of his sanity and asked to reënact the crime, borrows the sheriff's gun for the purpose and shoots his way to liberty. The sheriff's rifle squad is hot after him, diverted by such incidents as shooting each other by mistake, and trying to rush to the hospital a Negro woman, who gives birth to a pickanniny in the very vehicle which used to be called the Black Maria. Nevertheless, the sheriff can promise the Mayor that he will get his man, electrocute him on time and save the Negro vote.

Of course, most of this takes place off stage, with the reporters in the press room as chorus. Let it not be thought that there is any lack of action. It goes like lightning. Indeed, too much of the effervescent dialogue is lost in the rush. The telephone keeps reporters and audience in touch with events, and by an amplifying device such of the audience as have good ears can follow not only what the gentlemen say, but what they hear over the wire. There enters to them Hildy Johnson, star reporter of the Herald-Examiner, hilarious at having just thrown up his job and off that night with his fiancée and her mother to New York to be married. But Walter Burns, his managing editor, at the phone (and, it must be added, sheer joy in the unfolding story), keeps Hildy on the job, while his fiancée protests over the other wire. The way in which the action, reported by phone, comes finally to a visible and audible head on the stage is a masterly bit of construction. Fiancée and mother pursue Hildy to the press room; Walter Burns rushes in; the fugitive himself takes sanctuary there, and Hildy and Burns conceal him in a roll-top desk, while they prepare the great story for the Examiner. The tension between Hildy and Walter Burns over the former's private plans, and between both and the authorities, to whom the situation naturally presents a different scale of values, is a fine example of dramatic irony. In the end the criminal is exposed, but the forgotten reprieve comes into play. Hildy and his ladies are off to the train, and Burns insists on giving him as a wedding gift the watch inscribed by the big chief "To the best newspaper man in Chicago." There is a moment of manly sentiment creditable to both these fine representatives of the third estate, but incomprehensible in Mr. Hecht, but before the curtain falls Burns calls up the police at La Porte to arrest Hildy Johnson and send him back to Chicago. "The —— —— —— has stolen my watch."

The chief credit for the production, after the authors and the always lucky Mr. Jed Harris, goes to the stage management of Mr. Kaufman. His stage is a complicated instrument like an orchestrion, and he plays it with the perfection of a mechanism. Osgood Perkins as managing editor of the Herald-Examiner has to do a rougher job than he did in "Spread Eagle," and Lee

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Tracy as his star reporter has necessarily to overact his part—but both are effective. George Barbier makes a good Mayor, with his slogan "Keep King George out of Chicago," but our summer visitors from that city will be disappointed. He is not Big Bill the Builder—probably no one could be. Claude Cooper is a competent sheriff, but his talent for broad character, as seen in "My Son" and "Juno and the Paycock," is rather wasted in the part, which merely sums up official stupidity. The reporters' parts, necessarily, are well played. I may be crediting Mr. Ben Hecht with a subtlety of shading beyond his intention, but it seemed to me that one could distinguish in the young men who represented the "American," the "Daily News," the "Journal," the "Post," etc., the lineaments and mannerisms of these organs themselves —all except the "Tribune," which is joyously caricatured.

In speech, it must be admitted, the reporters are what Shakespeare calls "liberal shepherds." Among themselves they are, delightfully and innocently, fairies, bastards and sons of bitches. My academic sense was shocked at the description of a newspaper man (by a lady character) as "a cross between a whore and a bootlegger," and I wish Mr. Hecht would delete the line near the beginning of the first act in which one of his young men, following up a Peeping Tom story, inquires whether the offender looked like a college professor. However, "The Front Page" is a great newspaper play, and destined to run forever. Admirers of our great institution will be delighted to see how the men to whom we owe its daily appearance really live and move and speak, and to be informed that they, like other men, are preoccupied by private cares and anxieties, wives, families, mistresses and poker debts, to which, however, they never sacrifice the high service to which they are called. Altogether I cannot commend the play in better terms than those of an academic colleague, whose advice I took. "You've got to see it. My God, it's vulgar!" R. M. L.

The Liberal Choice

THE two speeches of acceptance are now before us. At long last, the issues are drawn. It is useless now to regret the delay, though one may feel that time has worked against the good cause. Conservatism can afford quiescence; discussion is sure to stir up embarrassment; progressivism is a battle which always must be won by attrition. The process is long and wearisome. It cannot proceed by holding its own. It must penetrate the minds of millions, not of a few machine experts. There is nothing in Governor Smith's speech which might not profitably have been said months ago. It would then, as it must now, win to his side many influences which might have begun the penetrative process. And the nomination would have been quite as secure.

He chose otherwise, believing, as he always has, in a climactic campaign. He may prove to have been right, but the choice had the undoubted result of dampening an enthusiasm which was ready to his hand. It has now to be revived, for many had come to feel that his silence was the product of uncertainty in the larger field of national affairs—or a disposition to abandon those causes which he has served so long. The acceptance clears the air of all these doubts. He has not changed. And these differences of opinion may be abandoned to the past. For the speech compels something more, even, than assent; it requires enthusiastic support which progressives cannot longer afford to withhold. The time is brief; they must do with it what they can.

The two speeches of acceptance serve very well as foils for one another. The one is defensive, specious, negative, dull; the other is courageous, experimental, incisive—and it possesses that lifting power and dangerous wit which underscores the Happy Warrior phrase of Franklin Roosevelt's nominating speech. The one brings economic fallacy lumbering to the support of accepted Republicanism; the other redefines Democracy and makes of it a flexible instrument. The one slurs over and confuses a bad administration record; the other turns to the light of reason and research in every critical juncture.

One is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Hoover is either a very bad economist or that he is intellectually dishonest. This is a difficult choice for that large body of intelligent people who had conceived him as the engineer-scientist in politics. And it seems strange that there should be so widespread a disposition toward apology. Everywhere among such persons, it is being said that it is not the real Hoover who advocates an enlarged foreign commerce and the development of waterways which will open the Middle West to the sea and yet outdoes Mr. Coolidge in advocacy of protection. It is not the real Hoover who goes jingo, or who brags of governmental efficiency and economy which every informed person can label as bunk, out of information available to all. To these persons, the real Hoover is the picture they have in their heads of the technical man, the informed economist, who sees through the stupidities and the corruption all around him, and who only waits for a free hand to show his qualities. What such persons do not see, apparently, is that, in making him out a specious reasoner for political purposes, they also give him a nastier label. In either case, it is bad enough. If he believes the stuff he talks, there is nothing at all to be gained through supporting him; if he does not believe it, how shall we know when he can be trusted?

It seems the happiest of chances that in the hour of their betrayal—or of the assumption of his true colors by Mr. Hoover, as one may prefer—there is such a man as Governor Smith to whom progressives may turn. It is clear now that his record does represent the man, and it is a good record. It displays a consistent progressivism at its best, critical, pragmatic, determined by an unflagging sympathy with common aspirations. It is the record of a man who has always accepted reality, but has bettered every situation he has touched. There are few personal histories to match it in American politics. And in his latest dilemmas he has come through clean. The cynical may smile, but all the same there is every reason to believe that one who has weathered the storms of the last few months and is willing to rest on the principles of his acceptance, must be as anxious to be right as he is to be President.

In many ways the two speeches are amazingly frank. Mr. Hoover's record indicated a sympathy with business; but there must have been few people who expected from

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him such a whole-hearted defense of existing institutions. He intends, so far as he can, to keep the government off to one side, to help but never to hinder whatever program industrialism may evolve from its profit-seeking incentives. This must, somehow, turn out to be good. Governor Smith's conception is in violent contrast. The government is to him one active instrument among others for achieving human purposes. It is to be used whenever it appears that it could contribute. This does not mean anything immediately revolutionary; but it does involve responsibility for leadership and control in exigent situations. Specifically, so far as the present text goes, such situations exist in a number of fields: farm relief, labor, power, the assurance of prosperity, unemployment. It means a tariff policy shaped to national needs; it means a new orientation in foreign relations.

Governor Smith's speech opens many doors to further exploration; Mr. Hoover's closes almost as many. Every subject which the Governor attacks shows possibilities of development; each one Mr. Hoover mentions seems hopelessly incapable of further elaboration. So far as Mr. Hoover may be concerned, the campaign is over. Governor Smith has just begun. Progressives have full justification, it seems to me, both because of the reactionary commitments of the one and the practical suggestiveness of the other, for joining what may become a splendid and adventurous movement toward a re-alignment of social forces and away from the degradation into which our political life has fallen—and which Mr. Hoover intends, if he can, to perpetuate. For eight years we have been deploring. It will be good to be able again to join with some zest in a work which may easily begin that reconstruction of American life which was smothered in the post-war reaction.

R. G. TUGWELL.

A COMMUNICATION

Norman Thomas on Al Smith

SIR: Mr. Hoover's acceptance speech from a liberal, to say nothing of a socialist, standpoint, required no long analysis. It was, at best, the speech of a benevolent bureaucrat devoted to an outworn economic philosophy. Governor Smith's clever and emotionally sincere appeal to liberals demands closer examination.

First and last, the all-important point to stress is that Alfred E. Smith is no dictator, but the candidate of a party. He must work with and through his party. And such a party! On every liberal issue of the last decade its record is as bad as the Republican; its platform can scarcely be distinguished from the Republican; and its organization, as I have observed in fourteeen states of the South and the Middle West, is more stupidly incompetent than the Republican.

Nor is it true that Governor Smith's record is such as to inspire faith that he can and will whip this mass of blundering, quarrelling, reactionary politicians into line. Governor Smith appeals to his record. So be it. It has its good points. But! he was pledged to the hilt to the Child Labor Amendment. Under pressure he cleverly dodged his pledges. He talks somewhat vaguely against the injunction evil, but in eight years this happy warrior has done nothing effective on this issue as Governor of New York. He promises, again somewhat vaguely, to hang on to our public water-power sites and protect the ultimate consumer. Again, with the exception of the fight against the St. Lawrence grab, his record on public utilities is poor. He appointed all the members of one of the most reactionary public service commissions in the country, one of the worst of the members being his pre-convention manager. He appointed New York's bungling transit commission. It is freely charged that he is in sympathy with those who would break down our five-cent fare in New York. Certainly, he has not helped in solving the transit tangle. Finally, this marvelous leader, who is to whip Tammany Hall, the corrupt city ring of Memphis, Tennessee, and the mossback politicians of Arkansas into a party of progress, has lacked the desire or the will to consider specific charges against the mayor whom he gave New York or to help by one least effort in the struggle for an honest count in New York City elections. And to cap the climax, he has chosen as his chief of staff, Raskob, the open-shopper; Raskob, the profiteer on every war; Raskob, a member of the group which sought the St. Lawrence water-power franchise.

The same Raskob, ignoring possible liberal tendencies of his candidate, still says that the issues are prohibition and farm relief. Concerning the first, I shall only pause to say that in the South, and even in the Middle West, Democrats are tearfully protesting that prohibition is no partisan issue at all. Indeed, they stand for stricter enforcement! In Missouri, Democratic politicians hopefully count on rural drys to vote for Hay, a dry senatorial candidate, and get Smith, and the urban wets to vote for Smith and get Hay. Politically speaking, the Governor's liquor program is fantastically impossible. One may sympathize with his candor and with much of his criticism of conditions and yet agree that his plan would put the issue deeper into partisan politics rather than take it out.

As for farm relief, the Governor has lost his chance to make that an issue of magnitude in the corn belt. I speak, after some experience, of the district in question. He has nothing to offer radically different from the Republicans.

Neither will the tariff become a major issue unless the Governor goes farther toward concrete advocacy of lower rates than he shows any sign of doing. On economy and governmental reorganization, there is no decisive reason for any liberal to prefer Smith and the Democrats to Hoover and the Republicans. On labor, Smith opposes "unwarranted" injunctions, while Hoover opposes "excessive" ones. Between the pot and the kettle, corruption also cannot be an issue.

There remain the two high points—from a liberal standpoint—of the Governor's speech: his declaration on water-power sites and on imperialism. It is hard to tell just what

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the Governor proposes to do with Muscle Shoals or how he will manage Boulder Dam, in view of the failure of the seven states to make the treaty he advocates. He is still weak on the problem of transmitting power publicly produced. What kind of a contract will he be able to make for distributing energy when the transmission lines are in the hands of a close-knit, notorious monopoly? He shows no sign of believing that retention of Muscle Shoals is only a step and that not the most important for taking over a growing power monopoly which will be master of our democracy unless we master it.

That the Governor speaks plainly on Mexico and Nicaragua, is to the good (so did Harding, the candidate, speak on Haiti), but he does not promise to withdraw our Marines. He forgets that in Mexico, Haiti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua itself, the Wilson administration did worse things than the Coolidge administration. He ignores Haiti, on which American bayonets forced a constitution written by his dear friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt. He ignores also the recognition of Russia, debts and reparations, the World Court and the League of Nations, and the right of the President, even with the consent of Congress, to collect private debts in backward countries by the Marines. These questions must be dealt with positively one way or another by the next President. Where does Governor Smith stand? And where does he stand on the race question, and on taxation of land, inheritance and incomes?

What solution has he for the problem of coal? These are questions liberals and progressives, unless they are children pacified by kind words and a few toys, will want to ask.

Socialists are less concerned with these specific questions than with the evidence this campaign affords that a few decent and liberal inclinations in a candidate are powerless to save us so long as both parties belong to the same general business interests and think only in terms of the right of men to own property for their own power and profit which should belong to society and be managed for the general good. For our political salvation we need not a happy warrior, but our own party!

NORMAN THOMAS,
Socialist Candidate for President.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

Smith and Latin America

SIR: During the past two months I have had ample opportunity to talk to the people of six of the little Latin-American republics, and in every country which I visited the conversation was adroitly turned to the political situation in the United States. The general situation interested no one, but the probability of Al Smith's nomination and subsequent election was very evidently of enormous and general interest.

I paid no particular attention to these questions at first. In fact, they had no especial significance, as curiosity as to the identity of our next President is universal, and in Latin America, particularly, it is sure to be great. But the constant recurrence of the question, without the slightest curiosity being manifested as to the prospects of any other candidate, became more or less perplexing. I would frequently ask, pointedly, about this sudden interest in Smith, and him only, and invariably gained for my answer the abashed smile and deprecatory shrug of the Latin.

That was not satisfactory. The men who would ask me about Smith were educated and intelligent. They were prominent in the affairs of their respective countries or else members of the professions. Many of them were priests. It can truthfully be said that they influenced, or even formed, the public opinions of their people. With such people a smile and a shrug is an evasion, and not an answer of admitted ignorance as it is with the uninformed and uneducated.

Consequently, I persisted—and I made the astonishing discovery that there is a more or less general conviction in the minds of most educated Latin Americans that, if Smith is elected President of the United States, it will mean an immediate and drastic change in our foreign policy which will be most agreeable to Latin America.

There is a general and profound belief that Smith will unquestionably accede to the desires of the Catholic Church, and that the Catholic Church does not care for American influence in the countries where the Church has established itself. Strangely, there is no accusation on the part of anyone that the affairs of the Church have been interfered with directly, but nearly everyone seems to feel that the close alliance between the Church and the government of these Catholic countries has been responsible for the transmission of the resentment of the government to the Church, and that ecclesiastical persuasion will be a decided factor in determining our next experiment in foreign policy.

I asked, quite frankly, several of the prominent dignitaries of the Catholic Church whom I met whether this opinion, so widely held, was based on fact or mere conjecture. Generally my reply indicated a great indifference as to who might be the next President. But I could not escape the fact that there were so many priests so greatly interested.

I do not have the slightest idea that Smith would permit any interference by the Catholic Church in the affairs of the United States if he were elected President, but Latin America does have that idea, and has it firmly. The statements and the actions of Governor Smith have indicated clearly that the official actions of the executive and the religious belief of the man are entirely separable, and that the latter is no more important than a preference for pie for breakfast.

Nevertheless, the enormous unpopularity of the United States in Latin America, and the peculiar belief surrounding the possibility of immediate withdrawal of American influence in the event that Smith becomes President, does not tend to create a healthy condition.

PAUL BROWN.

Reading, Pa.

Unfair to the Middle Ages

SIR: May I be allowed to protest, if someone better qualified has not already done so, against your preposterous characterization of America's policy in regard to collective bargaining as "medieval"? Bernard Shaw has reminded us that nowadays even the fashion-plates of the preceding generation are pronounced "medieval," but even this example is less flagrant a blunder than yours. Surely a little reflection will remind you that in the Middle Ages, at least after the development of towns and any sort of industrial life, collective bargaining was practically universal. The craft guilds serve as a perfect example of essential unity and harmony between employer and employee, and regulation of its own affairs by the entire industry. America may deserve your reproaches, but the Middle Ages certainly do not.

D. H. MUGRIDGE.

Los Angeles, Cal.

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Interpreters of America

Spokesmen: Modern Writers and American Life, by T. K. Whipple. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 277 pages. $2.50.

THE title of Mr. T. K. Whipple's book, "Spokesmen," is the least happy thing about it. There is a sense in which every writer is a spokesman for his country and his time, and Mr. Whipple is indeed concerned with the question as to how far the creative life is possible in America and how well the "life of realization," as he calls it, has been presented in the works of our best contemporaries. But these studies are very keen and sympathetic literary criticisms; and Mr. Whipple rarely loses sight of the fact that literature has a value independent of the immediate social relations of the writer. He has chosen his subjects well. His first study, that of Henry Adams, is a fitting prelude to the book: for Adams stands for that bleak frustration and chaos which dominated the generation from 1870 to 1900, in the earlier years of which most of the writers Mr. Whipple considers were born.

In Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, Mr. Whipple sees chiefly the tragedy of frustration, a more thorough comprehension of human defeat: the analysis is plausible as far as it goes: but I do not think it quite accounts for the merits of Mr. Robinson's poetry. An art may arise out of personal difficulties, defeats, obstructions; but when it is successful it is a resolution, a spiritual circumvention, of the very things that threaten to paralyze it: and I do not think that a man can be frustrated in fifteen volumes, without having a great deal more to show for the matter than frustration. Here, I think, Mr. Whipple has been misled a little by the themes from which Mr. Robinson gets poetic satisfaction: the steel grays and sober browns of Mr. Robinson's canvases have a richness and variety that is comparable with a much warmer and wider palette: no one can say that Mr. Robinson is a monotonous poet, who continually repeats himself, unless one is obsessed with his choice of colors to such an extent that one forgets the design of his pictures. The question is not whether Mr. Robinson possesses the joy of living: the real question is whether his poems communicate life—and I think they do. Anyone who has walked on a lonely beach on a sullen day will realize that a steely sea and a dead sky and a sharp wind do not necessarily produce gloom and sullenness of spirit; nor do Mr. Robinson's poems. The state that produced the poem is one thing: the state that the poem produces is another. Mr. Robinson may be the poet of human defeat: but we must number many of his poems among the victories.

With Mr. Whipple's severe comments on both Mr. Theodore Dreiser and Mr. Sinclair Lewis I am in close agreement: he does not overlook Mr. Dreiser's power, and his fruitful contact with actuality: but he sees that the author of "An American Tragedy" still has a raw and undeveloped mind, and that his importance is chiefly historical. Mr. Lewis, on the other hand, is a spoiled artist, a writer whose gifts were sacrificed to an almost rubber-stamp commentary on a society with which he himself is largely identified, a weak romantic who hides his softness under a realistic regurgitation of newspaper clippings, a true creator of character—witness Leora in "Arrowsmith," to say nothing of Dr. Kennicott in "Main Street"—who turns aside from creative art in order to produce straw men and scarecrows: "the net result of Lewis' work is not a truer apprehension or a deeper insight, but an increase in mutual dissatisfaction." This is just criticism on the whole, although I think that Mr. Whipple is inclined to underrate the value of Mr. Lewis' satire, an attack that is all the more devastating because it is in reality made from within. In his discussion of Mr. Eugene O'Neill, Mr. Whipple is hard on the work and easy on the man; and though, since he does not deal with "Lazarus Laughed" or "Strange Interlude," he misses a certain climax and fulfillment in Mr. O'Neill's development, a good part of his dissatisfaction is well founded: he perceives that "The Hairy Ape" and "The Emperor Jones" are in literary form and in expression of character Mr. O'Neill's fullest achievements, before "Strange Interlude." "His power of expression is apparently unable to rise above a certain range of intensity; above that limit, his words strike us as false, but I suspect that they are more accurately described as inadequate. The strange thing is that we feel these shortcomings not as fixed and inevitable limits of capacity, but as bonds which O'Neill may break at any moment." No one else has touched more accurately on Mr. O'Neill's weakness than Mr. Whipple has in this passage; and yet no one has given fuller recognition to Mr. O'Neill's great interior resources—resources which make his expression seem like the scantling around a building which will be thrown down when the structure itself is ready.

In his studies of Mr. Frost, Mr. Sandburg, Mr. Vachel Lindsay and Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Mr. Whipple is dealing with poets who have come closer to the life of realization than any of the foregoing writers, except Mr. Robinson; and Mr. Whipple's appreciation is no less accurate than his dissent, except that, in the case of Mr. Frost, I should be tempted to put a far higher value on his dramatic monologues, and less inclined to stress his "localism" than his personal integrity. Mr. Whipple sees in Mr. Lindsay a folk-poet of contemporary American life, whose own naïveté and homeliness give him access to parts of the American spirit that other writers, and his own more sophisticated self, are disdainful of; while Mr. Sandburg is a man who lifts himself out of that ruck of materiality in which Mr. Dreiser clumsily flounders by the fact that he has escaped the "desire for exploitation and self-advancement" and possesses the specific poetic gift. Finally, Mr. Whipple sets his face against the current depreciation of Sherwood Anderson, recognizes Anderson's honest craftsmanship, his rich feeling, his simplicity, his imaginative warmth, his quiet mulling over experience and his vision of a better and fuller life; and for this alone Mr. Whipple would deserve a word of special thanks. Mr. Anderson's chief vice is self-consciousness: a vice that has been fostered by the vast number of mirrors that were held up to him in the early days of his metropolitan success. This self-consciousness occasionally makes him clumsy and wordy and, in an unsophisticated way, affected; but, in a warmer, fleshier mode Mr. Anderson has the integrity and individuality of Mr. Frost himself, and when we finally come to reckon up the good works of modern America I have no more doubt than Mr. Whipple that Sherwood Anderson's stories will have a high place. If Mr. Whipple sets Miss Cather in a higher position than I would give her, his reasons for doing this are respectable enough; and I should like to believe that what keeps me from reading Miss Cather with pleasure is some deficiency in my own make-up, rather than in hers. Mr. Whipple almost persuades me; and if I do not try to read Miss Cather again, I shall end up by believing him.

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The competence of Mr. Whipple's criticism makes his judgments a profitable testing mark for one's own. If there is one fault in his choice of these Spokesmen, it is, I think, that he has left out the critics who, surely, belong to the creative life of our day. Mr. Whipple, it is true, acknowledges his debt to Mr. Van Wyck Brooks and often cites him; but the book would have been more fully rounded, I think, if Mr. Mencken and Mr. Brooks had been treated, too. Long before the modern movement had begun in American literature, in 1908, when David Graham Phillips was a promising writer and Mr. Theodore Dreiser was a neglected "genius" and Mr. Mencken was exercising his European scholarship and his knowledge of Nietzsche, before Mr. Frost had published a "A Boy's Will" or Vachel Lindsay had preached his Gospels of beauty, in a day when the Woodberrys and Barrett Wendells loftily shuddered at Whitman, and the American past was the sort of thing that nice people didn't mention in public, except in relation to George Washington or the Puritan fathers—in these days Mr. Brooks was the first to announce that we had still to discover the body of our country and had still to use its earth and its sky and the experience that lay between them in the creation of American art and thought. Mr. Brooks, throughout this whole period, was perhaps the only critic who both saw the importance of using our American sources, and the equal necessity, stressed by Professors Babbitt and Gummere, of holding our own expression in literature up to the highest standard. The school that was interested in standards and values forgot America and, within their narrow university walls, had no commerce with its life: the school that was interested in American life, and dilated on the esthetics of the comic supplement or the exquisite style of the Advertisement, had no values: but Mr. Brooks was the first of our critics, since Emerson's time, to have both, and to keep both equally in view. Everyone who grew up in this period had a conscious or unconscious debt to Mr. Brooks: and I think that the most serious weakness of Mr. Whipple's book is that one of the chief Spokesmen has been left out of it.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Occupied Haiti

Black Democracy—the Story of Haiti, by H. P. Davis. New York: The Dial Press. 370 pages. $5.

MR. DAVIS has admirably sorted out the obscure history of this lesser end of a not inconsiderable West Indian island, and for the first time presented a fairly coherent picture of what has happened to the western part of Columbus' Hispaniola, where near Cape Haitien the discoverer planted the first European settlement on his return from his first voyage. Characteristically these European adventurers fell out with the peaceable inhabitants and were all murdered before Columbus returned, thus beginning the three hundred years of murder, rapine, and misgovernment from which Haiti has suffered. From the slack hands of its Spanish discoverers Haiti early slipped into the control of the French, who were more methodical if no more humane in their methods, and ruled this end of Hispaniola until their great revolution finally gave its inhabitants their freedom. That the French have never distinguished themselves as colonists is a commonplace. They succeeded less with Haiti than with Martinique or Guadeloupe in entrenching themselves and permanently controlling the mass of imported black slaves. And they left behind them an ominous percentage of "color," i. e., mixed blood, which remains today the greatest problem of all in Haiti. They also left the rudiments of their language in the *patois* and a few priests. But after nearly two hundred years of occupation the French left Haiti less civilized, less prepared to meet the crisis of self-government than perhaps any one of the much misgoverned Caribbeans. It was the nearest to the African jungle, and so it has remained to this day.

There is an obvious irony in the title of Mr. Davis' book, for Haiti has never experienced, either under French control or under the fitful despotisms of her Negro "generals," "kings," "emperors," "presidents"—or under the benevolent despotism of American Marines—anything which could remotely be described as "democracy." One after another, from Toussaint to Sam, black and mulatto generals—many of them trained in the French army—seized and held power for a few stormy years, always by force. The consent of the governed was ever a meaningless phrase in Haiti.

All this Mr. Davis sets forth fairly, dispassionately. No Haitian, no "liberal" American friend of Haiti, could take exception to his history of this abused country, nor does he anywhere betray contempt or condescension towards the black in his efforts to attain self-government under the impossible conditions created by Spanish and French misrule. This occupies not quite half of his text. The other half concerns what Mr. Davis calls "the revolutionary period" of rapidly shifting "ephemeral governments" (1908-1915) and the period of American Occupation, 1915 to date. It would be expecting too much of any historian that he should treat these recent events, the Occupation, with the same impartiality that he does the exploits of Toussaint, Dessalines, Christophe, President Sam, *et al.* The material is too close, and the observer must be influenced if not biased by acquaintance with the chief actors in the Occupation. And in spite of an obvious effort to hold to neutral statement and citation of documents, the narrative of events in these later chapters assumes the character of special pleading, if not of direct propaganda. This is not said in criticism: any other attitude would be hypocritical or specious. Mr. Davis as a white American must see the intervention from the point of view of his own race, of the people engaged still in "cleaning up" a sore spot on the margin of civilization. It is rather to his credit that he has not slurred the record or dodged the issues involved. His chapters on the American Occupation contain the fullest and clearest statement of that controversial episode yet made, with ample quotations in text and notes and addenda of documents, so that for the first time Americans so inclined may learn in a single book the record of their officials in Haiti without being forced to delve into a mass of congressional reports and *ex parte* pamphlets.

The record is all here, good and bad, from the day when Admiral Caperton landed at Port-au-Prince and shepherded what was left of the gold in the bank of Haiti into the National City Bank of New York, to the final revisions of the "Constitution" (drawn by an assistant secretary of the American Navy and so carelessly drawn that it has required much tinkering by its sponsors, who have never dared to let it work by itself!). It is not possible in this brief review to argue over again the question of American intervention in Haiti, whether we should have gone in in the beginning, or having gone in should have come out, the pretext for our interference having been removed.

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What is obvious to the reader of Mr. Davis' book is the sickening amount of hypocrisy and ineptitude involved in the game of imperialism as played by our government. The spectacle of "interpretations," "revisions," "amendments," of political management to get the sort of "elected" president we could work with and keep him in power, in defiance of our own imposed constitution, because he is a serviceable tool, becomes wearisome. At the best, our diplomacy in Haiti was childish, at the worst, contemptible. Hypocrisy, however, as we have often been told, is an integral part of the Puritan psychology: we could not do good to Haiti without going through the legalistic forms and having everything properly rubber-stamped in Washington and Port-au-Prince.

To come to realities out of the futilities of statesmanship, as Mr. Davis does in the final chapter of his book, and as the American people are hardly yet ready to do, whatever justification there once may have been for an armed intervention and occupation of Haiti by American Marines, and control through a Marine officer disguised as "Resident Commissioner"; whatever good things—and there are many, all amply set forth by Mr. Davis—have been accomplished by the rough and ready hand of the Marines, the day for this crude technique has long passed. We should quit hypocrisy and shuffling and postponing the decision to the general election which we are not yet ready to hold. Are we going to keep Haiti under the wing of the U. S. Marines indefinitely, or are we really going to live up to our word—our most recent word—and get out in 1936? Not an officer in the Marine Corps in Haiti with whom the writer talked in 1926 believed that the United States would ever "let go." Perhaps not. But since then it has become more apparent that, rich as the soil of Haiti is, the conditions do not favor that large-scale exploitation which is our national specialty. And, since Nicaragua, the role of providence has become less popular in the United States. A different policy seems to be afoot. If so, we should be frank enough to tell the Haitian people and let go. If not, if we are to stay indefinitely "for the good of humanity," indeed, even if we are to remain only until 1936, for our own good we should shift control from military to civil hands.

That, obviously, should have been done long ago, as soon as active resistance ceased. Authority over Haitian affairs should be centralized, not scattered over three departments and half a dozen bureaus plus an occasional congressional committee of investigation. And we should evolve a policy toward Haiti which might well include something more than the collection of customs, of debt payments, building good roads and sanitation. All these are excellent things and done with efficiency by the Marine Corps, but if Haiti is to remain indefinitely a *protégé* of the United States, she has the right to expect something in the way of education (from her own revenues!), a moderate amount of local government, and ultimately some sort of try-out of the much-patched constitution we were so proud to bestow on her. As Mr. Davis emphatically points out, the first steps of training in self-government are yet to be undertaken. Are we willing to hold a backward people forever in military subjection, which is what the present "occupation" of Haiti amounts to? Every careful investigator of conditions in Haiti realizes that the Haitians are not yet ready for black democracy; but must they remain forever a subject people bound and gagged under white imperialism?

ROBERT HERRICK.

Treacherous Statistics

Industrial Progress and Regulatory Legislation in New York State, by the National Industrial Conference Board. New York: The Board. 148 pages. $2.50.

THE National Industrial Conference Board enjoys a great reputation among business men throughout the country. Its reports are constantly being quoted in legislative halls and elsewhere as being the last word upon the subjects with which they deal.

This reputation is not wholly undeserved. All of the reports of the National Industrial Conference Board have the great merit of being clear and to the point. They all also have the appearance of being exhaustive and well documented, and are remarkably free from abuse of opponents and appeals to prejudices. Many of these studies are genuinely scientific and, if never free from the point of view of business, give reliable information and convey true impressions.

Other studies of the Board, while written in the same tone of fairness, represent little more than the disingenuous use of statistics to make out a plausible case in support of the position taken by business interests upon some current issue.

This report upon "Industrial Progress and Regulatory Legislation in New York State" is a study of this kind. It was made at the instance of the Associated Industries of New York State and was first presented to the Industrial Survey Commission, which was created by the New York legislature of 1926 and is still functioning. This Commission is making a general survey of all the labor legislation of New York and its effects and makes recommendations upon needed changes and additions to the labor laws to successive legislatures. This particular study is only one of a series which the National Industrial Conference Board is making for the Associated Industries "to assist the Survey Commission in its work." Prior to this report it published "The Workmen's Compensation Problem in New York State," and it announces that "other broad subjects, such as the fiscal and the educational problems in their relation to industry (in New York), are being studied."

This particular study compares the labor legislation of New York with that of the six states which rank next in manufactures, and then contrasts the rate of growth of industry in New York with that of these leading competitor states. The conclusion reached is that the more advanced labor legislation has retarded the industrial progress of New York. This conclusion is not stated in this positive manner anywhere in this report, but this is the impression which it is sought to convey. The facts presented in support of this conclusion, according to the cover page, not only "throw needed light on many problems now facing New York manufacturers and business men," but also "will guide industrialists and legislators in other states in formulating business policies and laws consistent with the best interests of employees and employers."

This report has the appearance of being both authentic and exhaustive. While complaints made by employers constitute a part of the evidence, the principal sources from which the case against the New York labor laws is built up are the statutes of the several states and statistics derived from the Census of Manufactures. There are footnotes galore and so many tables approaching the problem from different angles, that it can plausibly be claimed that every possible criterion of industrial growth has been taken

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into consideration. Yet this report will not bear critical examination. The detailed facts and statistics are true, but the general picture and thesis are false, or at least unproved.

Only a few of the many twists in this report need be noted to establish that the above characterization is not too severe. Of these, the most flagrant is perhaps the use of index numbers to establish that New York has fallen behind the entire United States and competitor states in industrial progress, instead of giving, along with these index numbers, the figures from which they were computed. The resulting distortion is illustrated by the figures relating to the increase in the value of manufactured products during the period under consideration, 1914 to 1923. Reduced to index numbers, this increase, as given in the report, was: New York, 236; Pennsylvania, 261; Ohio, 289; Illlinois, 225; New Jersey, 242; Massachusetts, 218; Michigan, 358. The actual increase, however, was: New York, $5,098,360,829; Pennsylvania, $4,532,898,067; Ohio, $3,341,717,899; Illinois, $2,757,372,633; New Jersey, $1,975,893,274; Massachusetts, $1,909,614,186; Michigan, $1,793,267,168. While the report has New York falling behind four of the six leading competitor states, it actually had a far greater increase than any of them.

Very similar is the effect of comparing the labor legislation of New York with that of competitor states upon the basis of the laws now in force, while the statistics upon industrial progress relate to the period from 1914 to 1923. The greatest handicap from which the New York manufacturers suffer is stated to be the "forty-eight" hour law for women employees. As this law did not become effective until January 1, 1928, how could it possibly have had anything to do with the industrial progress of New York from 1914 to 1923? Besides these, there are sins of omission, particularly that no mention is made of the benefits which industry derives from labor legislation. It is estimated that compliance with the safety laws costs New York manufacturers around $3,000,000 per year, and this is treated as a total loss. Will someone please page the many safety engineers in New York plants, to inform the Associated Industries and the National Industrial Conference Board, that expenditures upon industrial safety pay dividends in reduced accident and production costs? Similarly, for anything contained in this report, one must marvel why so many employers are ahead of the legal requirements with regard to hours of labor and working conditions. The point is developed at length that the advanced labor legislation has compelled New York manufacturers to make changes in industrial operations which have resulted in a greater increase in production per $1,000 of wage cost than in the entire country and in four of the six competing states. This increase in efficiency, however, is treated as but another of the detrimental effects of labor legislation.

This report is so vulnerable that it should not have much effect in legislatures where bills for more advanced labor legislation are under consideration. It is certain, however, to add to the "jumpy" feeling of many employers at the mere mention of labor legislation, or, for that matter, of legal restrictions of any kind.

For this reason this report should not be allowed to go unchallenged. It should be exposed as being, not a disinterested research study, but propaganda speciously disguised as research.

EDWIN E. WITTE.

Einstein vs. the Universe

The Evolution of Scientific Thought from Newton to Einstein, by A. d'Abro. New York: Boni and Liveright. 544 pages. $5.

"SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT" for Mr. d'Abro means theoretical physics, and its evolution from Newton to Einstein is, almost exclusively, the development of the Theory of Relativity. Mr. d'Abro explains Newtonian mechanics, shows where it proved inadequate to account for certain phenomena, and then explains how Einstein's theories corrected its errors and filled in the gaps. Out of this material he makes a connected story which has much the same suspense as a mystery yarn, with Einstein in the role of hero-detective and the universe at large representing the mystery.

The book is a model of semi-popular exposition. It is written with admirable lucidity and with just enough explanation of the more esoteric technicalities to make the subject comprehensible to the reader who doesn't mind hard going but who is insufficiently schooled in mathematics to attempt the source books on the subject. Non-Euclidean geometry, Analysis Situs, and the formulæ and graphs of relativity are all presented in such a way that the ideas involved become clear without the reader's being submerged in a sea of figures.

By following this method of presentation Mr. d'Abro has been able to popularize certain aspects of the theory of relativity which have hitherto been accessible only to advanced mathematicians. It is an important book upon an important subject: the implications of the theory of relativity have only begun to be developed.

D. L.

Nature and Human Nature

The Happy Mountain, by Maristan Chapman. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

The Quarry Wood, by Nan Shepherd. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

"THE HAPPY MOUNTAIN" is the story of Wait-Still-on-the-Lord Lowe who leaves home and his love in the mountains of Kentucky to see what lies beyond. "The Quarry Wood" is the story of Martha Ironside, who stays physically in a cotter's home in the foot-hills of the Scotch Highlands, but moves spiritually away from her forbears by means of daily journeys, longer with each stage, to school, to high school and to Aberdeen University. The books have the same theme, a quest, and both quests end in return. They are alike in the importance of the background, the physical and the human environment, and the precision with which it is presented. In "The Happy Mountain" we have the deep valleys of the Cumberlands, of which the ridges shut off the scattered farms in a dour isolation. In "The Quarry Wood," the country is being subdued to social needs, but nature frowns upon the intruders with rocky scorn, and fights them with all the weapons of Scotch weather, heat, rain, mud, wind, snow. The Kentucky mountaineers and the Scotch crofters are each a peculiar people, the species throwing out sports—local characters who, in an eccentricity verging at times on madness, emphasize the type. Their speech reflects their human quality and environment, the strange, slow locutions of the mountaineers, the rough stony dialect of the

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Scotch. In both novels language is used as an element in local color, as consistently characteristic as landscape. It enters into the texture of the style of both writers. In this respect, Mrs. Chapman is the bolder, for the diction and idiom of her people is carried over into her narrative. Both she and Miss Shepherd oblige us with glossaries.

The two novels are similar in something more than technique. In both, human relations are treated with simplicity and dignity, with something of the quality that we find in the French Canadians of "Maria Chapdelaine," or the peasants of Andorra in Miss Isabelle Sandy's novels, and of which we speak as classic. In both, passion is the final test of character, and in this Miss Shepherd's heroine suffers most and wins most. But both stories are broadly human in significance. They carry us back to Wordsworth's theory, that the proper subject of poetry is the experience of men and women who live near to nature, and its proper language is "the still sad music of humanity" heard in their speech.

R. M. L.

The Gentle Buccaneer

Count Luckner, the Sea Devil, by Lowell Thomas. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 308 pages. $2.50.

IN LATE 1916, a sailing ship, equipped with a Norwegian flag and innocent stacks of lumber on deck, slipped through the tight British blockade and after a search by a cruiser escaped into the Atlantic. The bland Norwegian skipper, rolling his quid while the British captain questioned him, was Count Felix von Luckner, Lieutenant-Commander in the Imperial Navy, and the skipper's wife with a towel tied about her head for the toothache was one Schmidt, a German sailor. The innocuous wind-jammer was the raider "Seeadler," that with one obsolete gun sank $25,000,000 worth of Allied shipping without the loss of a single life.

In "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," Lowell Thomas gives a spirited and thoroughly readable narrative of the "Seeadler's" raids and of her commander's life as related to him in the Count's own words. The writing is not pretentious, and the book is not to be compared with an account such as "Revolt in the Desert." But the career of Felix von Luckner is in itself spectacular enough. He ran away from a staid, aristocratic home when thirteen to follow the sea, and for the next eight years lived before the mast, with the exception of a few interims when he was a prize-fighter, wrestler, bartender, and tramp. Before 1914 he had returned to his family, who mourned him as dead, inherited his title, and became a *protégé* of the Kaiser and an officer in the German navy.

When the time came, Count Felix von Luckner was the only officer with an adequate knowledge of sail to take charge of the "Seeadler," whose successful cruise he directed until the ship was lost on a reef in the South Seas. But indeed the memorable aspect of the Hun's depredations is the remarkable consideration shown to his prisoner-guests and the fact that not a life was taken. Buccaneering became an exciting but bloodless game. And this is something to keep in mind when the visits of Luckner's present ship, the "Vaterland," with a German industrial exhibit replacing shells in the hold, are referred to as a piece of propaganda.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

Outcrop

Outcrop, Poems by Abbie Huston Evans, with a Foreword by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper and Brothers. 86 pages. $2.

THE author of these verses possesses, or one might perhaps more properly say, is possessed by a passion for the natural scene. Her book is marked by the devotion to New England that runs like a thick lavender thread through so much of Amy Lowell's work, and by the close, clear-eyed observation of plant and animal life that gives a tonic harshness to the delicate texture of Edna Millay's lyrics. But Miss Evans recalls these poets merely as one native of a land recalls his countrymen, because of the peculiarity of his accent or the stamp of his features. The things she has to say, the expression of her face, are indubitably individual.

Here is no fiery glitter, no vibrant clamor, nor yet the piercing personal cry so often rung from the more lyrical of our women poets. Here is the quiet, rather monotonous restatement of what Miss Evans feels in the presence of her familiar slopes and pastures, her excitement over nature's casual bounty, her emotion when she encounters in field or wood some reminder of what her forbears lived with for generations, her abiding sense that in her hours of stress she has but to lift her eyes to the hills, from whence help cometh.

The feeling in the poems is always authentic, but the poet's sincerity is rarely matched by an equally original technique. There are many lines that have a fine felicity, an arresting accuracy. Thus she speaks of "fog-drops strung on birch like beads on hair," of the marigold's orange: "bottomless and burning," of "the hallelujah blue of crisped water." But there are too many exclamatory "oh's," too many mentions of "beauty," too loose and easy a manner of speech throughout. No single poem has the breathless intensity of perfection, none is absolutely successful in capturing what she so obviously desires to convey. She will achieve it when her method has something of that bleak and bony quality, that essential toughness of fiber and difficulty of approach that she has learned to love in her chosen landscape.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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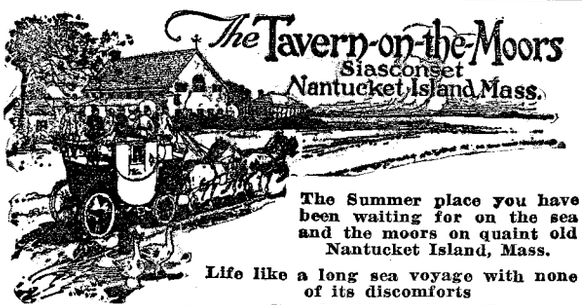

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